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Last of the Mountaineers, by O. W. Firkins, on page 774

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Hoover and Literature

AMONG all the "interests," so far about the only one that has not appealed to Mr. Hoover for aid and comfort in his administration is—literature. And yet we suspect that Mr. Hoover stands in closer relation to literature than recent critics of his prose style think. He is not a "literary" statesman—hence we shall be spared the rhetoric which has characterized the solemn moments of some presidential messages. His writing is charged with facts, and that is good for writing, especially when the ideas, of which facts are only the pawns and counters, begin to assort and control and proclaim.

But this is the least of Mr. Hoover's links with literature. The moment in our political and social development where he stands, and which he hopes to dominate, is deeply analogous to the moment in literature. Both are realistic, both point toward a new idealism. It is increasingly clear that realism of the reportorial character is bankrupt. The interest in information dressed up as fiction and drama and poetry may go on for years longer—indeed there will always be such interest—but its literary possibilities are dead. The new writer is not going to make his literary reputation by discovering a new variety of prostitution, a new racial group not yet exploited, or a new domestic problem. Imagination—and a good deal of imagination—is going to be demanded of the next literary generation; and if its writers cannot stir the imagination of the readers, bring back beauty, character, interpretation, significance, they will never get more than the rewards of successful journalism. The "now it can be told," the "here is what they are really like," the "prepare to be shocked," and the "I give merely the facts"—all these lines are pointing toward the tabloids and the melodrama, if they are pointing at all. The ideals of this period of realism have become negative. We began by determining to write the truth, but ended with a self-denying ordinance against anything not literal, democratic, and concrete, and are rapidly discovering that such limitations must be transcended.

* * *

And are not politics in the same case? We got rid, somewhat brusquely, of political idealism in 1919-1920, and entered upon a régime of "mind your own business" and "prosperity, not talk." Thanks to economic conditions peculiar to ourselves, we did well at it, and we have elected Mr. Hoover on a platform which apparently calls for laissez-faire and continued prosperity for all. The paradise seen afar by the economic historian of the last century seems to be here and now. Government clears the way for business and the doctrinaire idea that if economic conditions are sound, society will take care of itself and be notably free from those diseases of the mind which have wrecked other eras by unrest, intolerance, fanaticism, has been tacitly accepted. Eat, drink, work, and be normal, is our creed.

Yes, but the instant the "facts" of life are arranged for, it is necessary to go beyond them. Mr. Hoover certainly does not contemplate a *status quo* of prosperity. His idea is an increase in general welfare, in which the vast forces developed for private interests shall be insensibly directed toward the public good. He proposes to encourage individual initiative and at the same time make sure that the people as a whole benefits. The constructive energy which has built big business is to be encouraged to go on; but not toward those vast accumulations of

(*Continued on page* 772)

The Quarrel

By CONRAD AIKEN

SUDDENLY, after the quarrel, while we waited,
Disheartened, silent, with downcast looks, nor stirred
Eyelid nor finger, hopeless both, yet hoping
Against all hope to unsay the sundering word:

While the room's stillness deepened, deepened about us,
And each of us crept his thought's way to discover
How, with as little sound as the fall of a leaf,
The shadow had fallen, and lover quarrelled with lover;

And while, in the quiet, I marvelled—alas, alas—
At your deep beauty, your tragic beauty, torn
As the pale flower is torn by the wanton sparrow—
This beauty, pitied and loved, and now forsworn;

It was then, when the instant darkened to its darkest,—
When faith was lost with hope, and the rain conspired
To strike its gray arpeggios against our heart-strings,—
When love no longer dared, and scarcely desired:

It was then that suddenly, in the neighbor's room,
The music started: that brave quartette of strings
Breaking out of the stillness, as out of our stillness,
Like the indomitable heart of life that sings

When all is lost; and startled from our sorrow,
Tranced from our grief by that diviner grief,
We raised remembering eyes, each looked at other,
Blinded with tears of joy; and another leaf

Fell silently as that first; and in the instant
The shadow had gone, our quarrel became absurd;
And we rose, to the angelic voices of the music,
And I touched your hand, and we kissed, without a word.

This Week

"Further Poems of Emily Dickinson."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

"The Sumerians."
Reviewed by RAYMOND P. DOUGHERTY.

"A Scientific Approach to Investment Management."
Reviewed by W. BARRETT BROWN.

"Daughter of Earth."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

Gibbon at Sea.
By F. V. MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

Theology and the New Physics.
By WILLIAM PEPPERELL MONTAGUE

Colossal Substance*

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

IN spite of four thousand singing years, antiquity and modernity have combined to establish only four women poets of the first rank. Greece produced one, and, though Sappho's claim rests almost as much on her legend as on her Lesbian fragments, neither full-throated Rome nor thundering Palestine offered a woman's song to match hers. The medieval world, against a gallery of troubadours and minnesingers, evoked one woman's saintly and indubitable voice. Germany could summon none, Russia none, France none. Until this generation, England and America could name but three women whose poetry had a speech, though little more than a speech, in common. The first of these—first in the esteem of her contemporaries—is already one with the mid-Victorian wax-flowers of which so much of her verse seems composed. Even the most impassioned of these "Portuguese" sonnets, with their neat breathlessness, their limp ardors, their "O lists," no longer vie with the "Rubaiyat" as the lover's gift-book; Mrs. Browning's false title is too obvious a trepidation.

This leaves Christina Rossetti and Emily Dickinson. Since their centenaries will be celebrated within a few months and since, by nothing less than a miracle, an entirely new volume by the latter has appeared forty-three years after her death, comparisons of the two are inevitable. It is easy to anticipate them. Both poets were born in 1830; both were strongly influenced by their fathers. Both were, in spite of every difference, puritan "beyond the blood." Both made "the great abnegation"—one because she could not face marriage, one because the man she loved was married and she could face misery without him better than social tragedy with him.

* * *

Here the personal similarities end. The poetic likenesses are more remote. True, both poets are linked by language, but even that tie cannot hold the two together long. They, themselves, would have been the first to repudiate the bond. Emily Dickinson would have been impatient with the round rhetoric of Christina Rossetti; much that the American wrote would have seemed reprehensible and, oftener than not, incomprehensible to the Englishwoman. As Christina grew older her verse grew thinner and more repetitive; moments of vision were expanded into ever-lengthening sententiousness. After Emily weathered the crisis, her verse grew continually tighter; her divinations condensed until the few lines became telegraphic and these telegrams seemed not only self-addressed but written in code. Not that Christina lacked divination; in the magnificent "From Hearth to Home," in several of the austere sonnets, and in some twenty lyrics she attained pure illumination. What is more rare, she communicated it. At her highest, Christina Rossetti breathed a clearer and more confident air than "the nun of Amherst." Hers was a faith above time and a troubling universe; cloistral in temperament, she turned easily enough from the hands of Collinson and Cayley to the arms of Christ. Rumor to the contrary, there was nothing nun-like about Emily. If the episodes of her childhood (*vide* the "Life and Letters") were not sufficient to prove this, the freedom of her spirit is manifest in the

* FURTHER POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Edited by MARTHA DICKINSON BIANCHI and ALFRED LEETE HAMPSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1929. $2.50.

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audacity of her images, the wild leap of her epithets, the candor which extended from irreverent mischief to divine challenge.

Such a nature as Emily Dickinson's could not "sacrifice" itself. Even the physical being was not loth to be alone. As her niece, Martha Dickinson Bianchi, points out in an Introduction which is a synthesis,

> She was never wantonly a recluse, nor did she know she was one. She ran from people because time was precious and the Declaration of Independence promised her the right to happiness where and how she found it. How well her sister Lavinia knew it was no renunciation to fly many of the situations she faced in Emily's stead. Emily's poems came and she let them in, while Lavinia, hearing a knock, opened the door to "traffic with a berry-woman."

What Emily ran away to find is evident on almost every page of her amazing volumes. These hundreds upon hundreds of poems written pell-mell, written on scraps of paper, sent over to her "Sister Sue" with no thought of publication, reveal the metaphysician turned moralist. Unable to see the pattern, she could not live without design; she could not rest until she imposed one on the world, on life, on God. Beauty, love, justice—these were no calm abstractions to her, but entities, weights and measures, which the architect had failed to use perfectly. She sought the Builder not to commend but to question him. If an angel appeared, it was not Rossetti's spirit of peace but the spirit of paradox. Emily argued, upbraided, accused; she recognized an angel only when she wrestled with him. Such, unlike that of the serene and trusting Christina, was her attitude to God. He was (one must remember the Dickinson household) the God of her fathers; but he was, more immediately, the God of her father. "Burglar, banker, father!" she cried to Him in an anguished crescendo. Not forgetting his goodness, she cannot forgive his manifold injustices; resenting his unfairness to Moses, she charges him with a long bullying—

> . . . . God's adroiter will
> On Moses seemed to fasten
> In tantalizing play—
> As Boy should deal
> With lesser boy
> To show supremacy—

and ends, in a burst of championship:

> Old man on Nebo, late as this
> One justice bleeds for thee!

Again in a "smart misery" too great to be ironic, she cries:

> Of course I prayed—
> And did God care?
> He cared as much as
> On the air
> A bird had stamped her foot
> And cried, "Give me!"

And, at another time, she accosts Deity more pointedly:

> My period had come for prayer,
> No other art would do.
> My tactics missed a rudiment—
> Creator, was it you?

In the next moment, however, moral metaphysics are forgotten in a broader affirmation. "Awed beyond her errand," the mystic prattles to Infinity as only a child can assuage itself:

> The silence condescended,
> The heavens paused for me,
> But awed beyond my errand,
> I worshiped—did not pray.

Tragic disappointment and impulsive faith combine in the child—nowhere more vividly than in Emily Dickinson. It is, first of all, a child who speaks through most of these poems—an indirect, impertinent, whimsical, ungrammatical, high-pitched, and difficult child—but one with an almost uninterrupted sense of divination; a child whose instinctive wisdom is more authoritative than all our laboriously accumulated knowledge. Travel? She did not need other countries who contained universes. Experiences? She had one. It was All and it was enough. To Emily, says Mrs. Bianchi, "All had no codicil."

The first emotion roused by the newly discovered poems is one of shocked surprise. Buried for forty years? Unknown to her niece and inheritor? Is it possible . . .? At least there can be no doubt as to their authenticity. Emily's peculiar seal, her inimitable idiom, is on every one of those new poems of which there are, incredibly, one hundred and seventy-six. These hitherto unprinted treasures compose Emily Dickinson's most beautiful and, from every standpoint, most important book. Here again, but more brilliantly realized, are the rapid ascent of images and the sudden swoop of immensities, the keen epithet that cuts to the deepest layer of consciousness, and the paradox on whose point innumerable angels dance. She is Blake one moment, Vaughan the next, then Jonathan Edwards, and herself all the time. Emotion, idea, and words are not marshalled in their usual order; they spring simultaneously, inevitably, one including the other. Here is the effect, never the affectation, of emotion and its enveloping phrase.

"The way she bares being without subterfuge," writes Mrs. Bianchi,

> is like nothing but the primitives on the cloister wall. She pretends nothing, disdains posture calculated to throw any one subtlety into high relief. . . . She leaves it there without rounding it out; and the flat fact is oftenest on a spiritual dead gold underlaid with sheer simplicity, as seen by the frank stare of a child.

Could anyone have failed to recognize this clairvoyance at the outset? One supposes a few tense quatrains, a dozen syllables must have been sufficient to reveal the definiteness of her genius. But "the authorities" contain either slighting references to her or none at all. As late as 1914 The New International Encyclopædia dismisses her life and work in ten lines, concluding "In thought her introspective lyrics are striking but are deficient in form." The Encyclopædia Britannica is still less aware of her existence. Only the thirteenth edition contains a mention—a cross-reference by way of comparison, otherwise she is not noticed. Up to 1926 the Britannica has not a line to speak for her; her name does not appear in any of the indices. Yet her "Poems" had appeared as early as 1890 and three subsequent collections had been published before 1913. In these volumes—and the "Further Poems" makes the fifth—Emily Dickinson anticipated not only her avowed disciples but a score of poets unaware of her influence. Quaintly, without propaganda, she fashioned her imagist etchings fifty years before Imagism became a slogan; her experiments in "slant" or "suspended" rhyme were far more radical than those of any exponent of assonance; her ungrammatical directness is more spontaneous than the painful dislocations of "the new barbarians."

The evidence of this anticipating modernity is everywhere in "Further Poems." Emily would have been the last to claim anything—especially the claim of being a forerunner—yet "Death's large democratic fingers" might well be E. E. Cummings. MacLeish's "Ars Poetica" startles us by its pure abstraction:

> Poetry should not mean
> But be—

and Emily (who knows how many years earlier?) concludes:

> Beauty is not caused,
> It is.

Hodgson tells us "God loves an idle rainbow no less than laboring seas" and that "Reason has moons, but moons not hers lie mirrored on the sea, confounding her astronomers but, Oh, delighting me." And Emily, sometime in the 1870s, was saying:

> The rainbow never tells me
> That gust and storm are by,
> Yet she is more convincing
> Than philosophy.

Not that Emily disdained philosophy. In the midst of her cakes and puddings and ice-creams, the family bread-maker (for Emily gloried in her housewifery) would turn to consider Bishop Berkeley.

> Experience is the angled road
> Preferred against the mind
> By paradox, the mind itself
> Presuming it to lead
> Quite opposite. How complicate
> The discipline of man,
> Compelling him to choose himself
> His pre-appointed plan.

Thus, and continuously, Emily would jot down the notes for her uncoördinated autobiography. When that difficult work is synthesized, when some inspired arranger imposes an order on the almost eight hundred scattered poems, the latest volume will be the most helpful. For here Emily is free of Lavinia's censorship. Here is less of the arch fantasy, less of the downright flirtatiousness that threaded her letters, valentines, and verses accompanying a spray of flowers or sent in exchange for a gift of fruit; here is pain with its "element of blank" and patience that has nothing to live on but itself. "The heart asks pleasure first," Emily said elsewhere, "and then—"

It is this "and then" which the reader will find more outspokenly than ever before. Emily tells the whole story of her love, her first rebellious desire, her inner negation, her resignation, her waiting for reunion in Eternity. There is nothing more to add except unimportant names and irrelevant street numbers.

> I took one draught of life,
> I'll tell you what I paid,
> Precisely an existence—
> The market-price, they said.
>
> They weighed me, dust by dust,
> They balanced film with film,
> Then handed me my being's worth—
> A single dram of Heaven.

The story of that "single dram" is bare of spectacular event. In her mid-twenties Emily went to Philadelphia. Up to that time, she had been lighthearted, a coquette; she might, she confided, have been Eve—or the belle of Amherst. In Philadelphia she attended church, heard a sermon, met the young preacher, "took the immortal wound." Emily records the instant mutual recognition in a poem beginning:

> So the eyes accost and sunder
> In an audience.

And again:

> It was a quiet way
> He asked if I was his.
> I made no answer of the tongue
> But answer of the eyes.

Their love for each other was quickly acknowledged, confirmed, established. "I'm ceded," she cried. "Mine by the right of the white election!" Here she enlarges the theme, dwells on it. "Difference had begun. "All of her being opens to declare it. She says it gracefully: "I tend my flowers for thee, bright Absentee"; defiantly, flatly:

> One life of so much consequence
> That for it I would pay
> My soul's entire income
> In ceaseless salary.

She reiterates it: "Where thou art—that is Home." "One and One are One." "Forever at his side to walk, the smaller of the two." But realization followed. He was a minister, married, with children. Emily could not "be at his side," neither could she think of leaving him.

> Empty my heart of thee,
> Its single artery?
> Begin to leave thee out?
> Simply extinction's date.

For a while, she was willing to consider the world well lost; there must have been moments of desperate determination.

> Home effaced, her forces dwindled,
> Nature altered small,
> Sun if shone—or storm if shattered
> Overlooked I all.
>
> Dropped my fate, a timid pebble,
> In thy bolder sea.
> Ask me, Sweet, if I regret it—
> Prove myself of thee.

But her backgrounds and her inheritance were too much for her. Suddenly, she fled, ran back to Amherst. It is no secret that, bereft of her, he flung all to the winds and rushed after Emily. No one knows what was said during those hours at Amherst, but both her sisters (Lavinia and Sue) held that Emily was the one who resisted. What that resistance cost her is evident in the most impassioned poems written by any woman except Sappho. Emily runs the gamut of love in absence, agony of separation, the unreason of emotion, and the inability to reason it away ("The wind does not require the grass to answer wherefore, when he pass, she cannot keep her place"), the long lethargy of grief. His death a few years later made her accept the finality of loss though the resignation is no less bitter. She says it again and again in the poems beginning, "Although I put away his life," "You see, I cannot see your lifetime," "Denial is the only fact received by the denied," "Renunciation is the

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choosing against itself," "You taught me waiting with myself," "Longing is like the seed that wrestles in the ground," "After great pain a formal feeling comes," "There is a languor of the life more imminent than pain," "There is a pain so utter it swallows Being up," "At leisure is the soul that gets a staggering blow." This is no willing surrender to circumstance.

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Then calm. Then looking forward to death, to reunion; backward to the minutiæ of life magnified by him. (It is for this reason that the divisions in the earlier volumes are arbitrary and misleading. "Life," "Love," "Time and Eternity," were not separate or sequential to Emily; one impinged upon and became part of the other.) Never has her poetry been more explicit, more definitely circumstantial. Recalling him to herself and herself to him, she ties her hat, creases her shawl, puts new blossoms in the glass, weighs the "time 'twill be till six o'clock." She makes the scene more and more vivid. We see the very angle at which she crossed the floor "where he turned—so—and I turned—how— And all our sinews tore."

But though the love poems form the most revealing section of "Further Poems," they do not unbalance the new volume. Never have the moods been so various; the gamut ranges from irresistible playfulness to abnegation and a faith that is "larger than the hills." Here again are "syllables of velvet, sentences of plush"; here are verses that will be quoted until they become familiars, and here are individual lines that cannot be forgotten. "Location's narrow way," she says, "is for ourselves. To the dead there's no geography." Speaking of the impossibility of divulging the divine, she writes, "The definition of melody is that definition is none." She alludes, after a tragedy, to a day that "unrolled as huge as yesterdays in pairs." She tells how childhood takes "rainbows as the common way, and empty skies the eccentricity." Reminiscent of "The Song of Honor," she sounds the great overtones in the small praise of the wren: "'Twas as space sat singing to herself and Man." She summons defeat in "shreds of prayer and death's surprise stamped visible in stone." She recalls the "transatlantic morn, When heaven was too common to miss, Too sure to dote upon." She fixes the breathlessness of outdoor beauty with a quatrain.

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Questions still remain. The introduction is detailed in its analysis of the new poems, disappointingly vague as to their discovery. In all these years did Mrs. Bianchi, who inherited and lives in the Dickinson home, never make a thorough search of the relics? Did Lavinia actually "suppress" these poems, and if so why did she keep them where they could be found? If Emily's sister hid them, as the publishers imply, because the love-poems are too frank, how are we to account for the withholding of a hundred "general" poems on poetry, prisons, birds, flowers, women, creation, God? The arrangement is so apt, the sequence so dramatic, that one ought to know whether Mrs. Bianchi found the verses in the order printed or whether the editors gave the book its particular design. Small defects have crept in here and there. The spacing too often is arbitrary; the line divisions of many of the poems are as disturbing as:

> Three times the billows tossed
> Me up,
> Then caught me like a ball,
> Then made blue faces in my
> Face—
> And pushed away a sail.

Such an arrangement shows either a lack of courage or a too literal editing. A Cummings might enjoy this typography, not Emily. The quatrain is implicit here as in most of her work. I suspect that had Emily supervised her own manuscript she would have printed such poems as orthodox four-line stanzas, and that they were written thus only because Emily's paper was not long enough to give the quatrain its customary shape.

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These quibbles aside, our debt is obvious. The buried manuscript has become a living monument. Had Emily Dickinson been unknown until the publication of "Further Poems" and had she written nothing but this one book, she would have to be reckoned among the indisputably major poets. Frail in build, fine in texture, hers is the "colossal substance of immortality."

Ancient Culture

THE SUMERIANS. By C. LEONARD WOOLLEY. New York: Oxford University Press. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND P. DOUGHERTY
Yale University

FOR a long time there had been complacent satisfaction with the view that civilization, particularly in its outward forms and artistic ideals, sprang from the Greeks. Vestiges of older influences upon human development in self-expression were recognized, it is true, but they were not regarded as representing an appreciable impact of eastern refinement upon western culture. Gradually, however, with the recovery of cuneiform records and works of art long buried in the Tigris-Euphrates valley, a new concept as to historical beginnings has been emerging. This is due to the fact that earlier patterns of man's cherished achievements have become available.

Less than a century ago the first real study of a ruined Assyrian metropolis was undertaken. Since then many other crumbled cities of Mesopotamia have been searched with painstaking care for light upon the nature of vanished dynasties. During recent years a large share of the archæological interest of England and America has been focused upon a district which played an important rôle in the national efforts of the Sumerians. About midway between the site of Babylon and the northern part of the Persian Gulf lie the impressive elevations of Ur. Nearby is a small mound called Al-'Ubaid. The débris of the latter, partially examined in 1919

"I'll tell you how the sun rose."

Illustration, by Prentiss Taylor, for a poem by Emily Dickinson.

by Dr. H. R. Hall of the British Museum, was completely investigated in 1923-24 by Mr. C. Leonard Woolley for the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. Beginning in 1922 annual campaigns of excavation have been carried on at Ur under the direction of Mr. Woolley for the same Joint Expedition. These delvings into Sumerian ancient remains have furnished unexpected criteria for the appraisal of cultural origins.

The excavator of long experience gains a unique perspective. Working from year to year at a particular place, he at last comes to breathe the very spirit of the community whose habitations and sanctuaries he traces; he develops familiarity with the intimate life of the individuals whose documents he rescues from oblivion; he acquires skill in estimating the capabilities of the artists whose handiwork he retrieves from houses, temples, and tombs; that he is therefore the one best fitted to interpret his finds is obvious. Mr. Woolley is not a disappointment in this respect. In the volume ununder review he presents in lucid manner and attractive style the impressions which he has gathered from the arduous yet romantic task of resurrecting the civilization of the Sumerians. At the same time he seeks to make his conclusions more valid by incorporating results obtained at other sites.

Scholars differ considerably as to the identity of the earliest inhabitants of the land of the two rivers. Some, like Professor Eduard Meyer, claim this distinction for the Semitic Akkadians who came from Amurru, the land of the Amorites in the west. Others believe that the non-Semitic Sumerians, of unknown original habitat, but apparently from the east, were the first to found cities in the Tigris-Euphrates alluvium. Professor Meissner of Berlin University has recently collected data which he construes as substantiating this view. Aside from the question of priority, the direction in which culture moved deserves consideration. Did the Sumerians impress their attainments upon the Akkadians or was the overwhelming trend in the opposite direction? There can be little doubt that the intermingling of the two peoples induced some interchange of ideas and accomplishments. It is generally agreed that the Akkadians learned the art of cuneiform writing from the Sumerians. Notwithstanding this fact, the late Professor Clay of Yale University in his exhaustive treatises holds to the opinion that the Sumerians rather than the Akkadians were the main borrowers. Mr. Woolley submits a reconstruction of events which is both in agreement and at variance with certain phases of the preceding generalizations. The Semites—civilized clans from the uplands of Amurru and wild tribes from the deserts of Arabia—were the first to colonize lower Mesopotamia when its river deposits had become habitable; after a time came the Sumerians by way of the sea and imposed their culture and religion upon the Semites.

The complexity of the problem is accentuated by the sparsity of decisive data. Moreover, ambiguity is entailed by the possibility of deriving divergent inferences from some source materials. The hypothetical character of Mr. Woolley's deductions should not be overlooked. Early painted ware of the kind found at Al-'Ubaid figures largely, and rightly so, in his attempted correction of historical conceptions. However, the provisional nature of his association of these ceramic remains with the Akkadians is demonstrated by his own statements. "An Akkadian Mesopotamia" prior to "the incoming of the Sumerians" is made contingent upon the supposed Akkadian production of an unusual type of pottery. Nevertheless, it may well be that future discoveries will verify this ingenious theory.

Despite the tentative basis for some of his propositions, no hesitancy need be felt in ascribing high praise to Mr. Woolley for the immense amount of light which he has thrown upon the preëminent antiquity of civilization in Mesopotamia. Undoubted proof of extremely advanced culture in the region of Ur as early as the middle of the fourth millennium B. C. has been unearthed by him. His exposition of the thesis that the Egypt of that time had made less indigenous progress in art and architecture is convincing. In fact, that the early denizens of the Nile valley were imitators rather than initiators, and that the ancient residents of the lower part of the Tigris-Euphrates basin were inventors of standard and abiding forms of culture, cannot be questioned. The cogent reasons for this far-reaching conclusion are presented in a book which combines the direct practical approach of the excavator with the vivid creative power of the historian.

Investment Technique

A SCIENTIFIC APPROACH TO INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT. By DWIGHT C. ROSE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by W. BARRETT BROWN

MR. ROSE'S book swings through a wide arc, touching on the economic theory of pure rent, analyzing the investment experience of insurance companies, and giving some broad advice for investors in general. No doubt a volume of this sort is designed to a considerable extent for readers outside the banking business and therefore a good deal of rather elementary and laborious explanation is permissible. No matter how much he may enjoy such a book, the inexperienced investor cannot judge it fully; on the other hand, the professional analyst in contemplating the book must not allow himself to be annoyed by some rather elementary exhibits. Nevertheless, from the purely practical standpoint, the great value of this book lies in the collection of extensive records concerning insurance company investments and the analysis of their operations. Not the least interesting is the series of letters from prominent bankers on the prospect for bond yields in the next ten or twenty years. Written in 1899 these letters addressed to a large insurance company have a quaint significance, but it may be asked whether they are any more erroneous than last year's market forecasts. Inasmuch as interest rates had been falling for some time, these

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eminent financiers were almost unanimous in believing they would continue to do so. However, T. Jefferson Coolidge said "I give my opinion with great diffidence as it is impossible to foresee many events, such as a European War, which would upset my calculation."

The book begins with a dialogue between an elderly banker and his militant nephew. The familiar *clichés* of investment banking are chased about the decks of an Atlantic liner and into the ship's bar. There, everyone but the reader having had several cocktails, the financial world is left to itself till morning with the hope that investors will soon have somebody to represent them who is as wily and sophisticated as the security dealer with whom they must do business. Crossing from the middle of page 28 to the top of page 29 the reader may be somewhat surprised to find that the scene has shifted to "before the dawn of civilization." In a few paragraphs equilibrium is restored; it develops that the author is merely sketching his views on the origin of the capitalistic system.

Certain modern writers have developed a habit of writing novels which are largely economic dissertations and histories that are partly fiction, but it may be suggested that a business book can hardly hope to benefit from the extensive use of divergent methods. It does not strengthen an economic theory to fold one's hands and dream of a cave-man as a capitalist because he may have had more acorns than he needed. Much less to assume that he thought himself one!

After wading through the centuries, the author calls attention to the problems confronting the investment of capital and turns to the insurance companies for study "because no other business has so well succeeded in superimposing a structure of certainty upon a base of uncertainty." Inasmuch as insurance companies have developed a skilful technique in handling their problems, the general investor should do likewise. Immediately a distinction will appear. The insurance company has two great sources of income—premiums on policies and income from investments. Restating in a slightly different way the ideas of the author, we can arrange an analogy by comparing the "riskless rental value of capital" for the investor with the premium receipts of the insurance company. In other words, just as the insurance company can expect certain receipts from its insurance in force, so can the investor expect a minimum return on his money whether he risks it greatly or not.

As a matter of fact, while the measure of investment success for both insurance companies and individuals is the ability to earn more than a "safe return," the circumstances of each are not exactly similar. It is hoped that no offense is rendered insurance companies by saying that the study of "risks" is largely the study of expectancy. No life insurance company insures ailing men; its mortality tables are concerned with the length of time it will take well men to die. Furthermore, the insurance company establishes a rate that will amply protect it under most conceivable circumstances; the investor when he lends his money has no corresponding control over interest rates.

The steps by which the insurance companies mounted to their present knowledge of investment values are nevertheless worthy of careful study. The author believes many insurance companies might have made more profitable investments and that individual investors have "been lulled into a false sense of security."

Inasmuch as money may be placed in sound securities with a minimum of risk, the measure of investment success should be something more than a moderate yield percent. The author believes that money can obtain a return, with practically no risk, represented by the average yield of 4-6mos. two name prime commercial paper and U. S. Treasury certificates of similar term. This he calls "the riskless rental value of capital." Investment acumen must produce a greater return than this to justify itself.

No quarrel arises with this contention, but it seems like an unnecessary complication to deduct "the riskless rental value of capital" before determining the relative success of two simultaneous investment programs. After all, while the purchasing power of the dollar may vary and interest rates may rise or fall, the measure of investment success at a given time is simply this—Did the project make money? Should one say for example in a year when "the riskless rental value of capital" was two per cent that an investor who lost twenty per cent on his investments lost a total of twenty-two per cent? Here is a problem for the sophomore class in logic and the freshman class in mathematics. And some passing obeisance should be paid to the old school investor who thought it better to . . . "Bear what ills we have, Than fly to others that we know not of. . . ." and left his heirs a collection of gilt-edged 3½s and 4s that never failed to meet margin requirements at their brokers.

The author believes that the greatest success among the insurance companies was occasioned by the employment of an investment research department and an appropriate emphasis on common stock investments.

This brings us to familiar ground. After all, in the current opinion, there is no investment like a good common stock because it can *grow* and no common stock like an industrial common stock because it grows *so fast.* A greater proportion of stock investment would, in the opinion of the author, make possible a more flexible type of insurance with a tendency to counteract fluctuations in the purchasing power of the dollar.

The Seamiest Side

DAUGHTER OF EARTH. By AGNES SMEDLEY. New York: Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

AMERICAN life, Howells once wrote, cannot be interpreted in Russian terms; it is too sunny, prosperous, and hopeful. As a broad generality this was true, though when he made the statement the younger American realists—or as Hamlin Garland called them, "veritists"—were already studying the depressing shadows that crossed the sunlight. Though Miss Smedley's grim document has little value from the artistic point of view, it is a rather remarkable addition to our literature of American bitterness. Apparently autobiographic in the main, it has obviously been touched up with fictional elements; and all the touches accentuate the notes of rebellion and social resentment. It is a highly interesting and often shocking revelation of what a working-class American girl can meet and endure. It is also a piece of social propaganda which by its frequent savagery of tone tends to defeat its own purpose.

The book is distinguished from most other human documents of the kind by the manner in which the two elements of objective hardship and subjective torment constantly intertwine throughout its chapters. Take a girl reared in extreme poverty in the West, with a dissolute, reckless, violent father, a broken-spirited, illiterate mother, and an aunt who is a prostitute. Drag her through the life of a tenant-farmer's impoverished and toilsome round, that of a "mover-family," that of the Colorado mining camps, and that of crude and frowsy ranch towns. Let her see her mother, brothers, and one sister die in various stages of misery. Let her emerge upon her independent career uneducated, mannerless, and with no standards but those of defiant self-protection, to find that nearly every man she meets looks at her in a predatory spirit. This is the external life of Marie Rogers, and some of its details are of a sort not often put down in cold print. But there are simultaneously other causes of suffering which only a psychoanalyst could properly estimate. The sight of her mother's sufferings has given her an intense repugnance to the idea of marriage; her numberless buffets have made her hard and suspicious; she is hungry for affection, but no human contact can melt her into responsiveness. She torments herself and finds no way out.

The best part of the book is the first half, with a genuinely vivid picture of the partly industrialized West. There were security and a certain amount of content for the family on the shabby Missouri farm, but these dissolved when they went to the mining regions. Doubtless the harsh picture of the Colorado mining-towns is overdrawn in spots, but doubtless it is also accurate in essentials; it carries the stamp of truth. Trinidad, Tercio, and Delagua, their Company tyranny, their polyglot, discontented workers, their strikes and clashes with the militia, their saloons and gambling-joints, the poverty that compelled even children to thievery—these pass in review, described by one who really lived the life. The scenes of domestic discord and misery have the same grim effectiveness. Later both the lights and shadows of the heroine's life became stronger. She finds it possible to get away to school, first at an Arizona normal college, later at the University of California; she meets people of culture, lives a life of normal decency, and finds some true comrades.

The propagandist note becomes stronger, the bitterness still more overdone, when the heroine in the last chapters lands in New York, working on the *Call,* denouncing the war with Germany and the Wilson Administration, and hobnobbing with a set of Hindu revolutionaries whom she seems to find attractive but who strike the reader as repulsive. Why heroines are always brought to New York, why Socialist doctrines appear so unconvincing in novels, and why some novelists find febrile-minded and unkempt gentry from Moscow or Delhi so romantic, are questions which it is probably bootless to ask. But at any rate, a book which is impressive and absorbing in its earlier chapters here runs into conventional and sandy wastes. It is for the individual reader to decide whether the latter part of the book condemns the earlier part, or the earlier part redeems the closing chapters.

Hoover and Literature

(*Continued from page* 769)

power in a few hands and for the benefit of a few that characterized the last stages of earlier cultures. On the contrary, after the satisfactions of wealth for a minority have been secured, this energy is to be kept for the creation of a state where all are to be relatively prosperous. For motives of self-aggrandizement and self-superiority are to be substituted a kind of hedonism—comfort for everybody as the price which the few must pay if they are to be rich. The ideals of socialism are to be realized in a capitalistic state.

But this is an abandonment of laissez-faire, this is a revaluation of prosperity! It is idealism come back through the office door after it had been rudely pushed out of legislative chambers, universities, and popular opinion. This is to call upon the imagination of men, for only imagination can expand human motives to include a care for other's welfare. It is not philanthropy, not reform, not romantic altruism,—just as the new literature is not romance, not sentiment, not emotionalism. Yet Mr. Hoover's project clearly raises ideas above facts, creates a purpose from statistics, and gives prosperity a meaning so much broader than it has now, that if he realizes his desires he is likely to need as much idealism as science for his task.

The resemblance between the state of literature and the state of the country is by no means accidental. We are slowly passing in all our faculties from the cycle of mechanistic advance to the cycle of spiritual and emotional adjustment. And this adjustment concerns engineering as much as the imagination, the personality as much as politics. The philosophers and statesmen of the old type are for the moment quite out of their depth. No one can write about modern society who does not understand psychology and sociology as well as the technique of literary composition and the history of thinking. But little more can be done with psychology and sociology in literature without a new and controlling imagination. And very little more than is good (though much that is pernicious, destructive, even horrible) can be achieved by machines without high imaginative conceptions of man in all his capacities —as idealist as well as realist, as a soul and heart as well as an industrialized brain. In default of a Messiah or a prophet—and it is a bit early for so cataclysmic a personality—an engineer who is also an idealist may be what we need most. He has a job on his hands, in which many will be proud to help. There will be struggle and clash and disappointments, but a real objective in the reign of Hoover. Vivat Cæsar!

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The Bowling Green

Gibbon at Sea

IT began to snow before we left Southampton, There was no wind, and the first broad flakes came down so slowly that they seemed to be alive. They fluttered and hovered above the deck before they settled on it. Once down they quickly melted: they were only water, after all. But the regiments floating in the quiet air made of it a medium visibly beautiful. I had been watching the reflections in the water off the dock, until the snowflakes blurred them. I glanced up then to find that to all else there had been added something not easy to define. The *Aquitania* was just across from us, and looking at her through the snow, it was as though I had never seen a ship before.

The *Aquitania* was supposedly familiar. I had crossed several times in her, somewhere below the line of children working on the stage hung over her large side. But that hardly counts. One does not have a chance to see the ship that one is crossing in. A distant view is better. But even a distant view is not always the right one. On two or three occasions, from ferry-boats in New York harbor, I had been disturbed by the *Aquitania*. She had seemed a little too confident and aggressive; and once or twice, from a wrong angle, her lines had been unpleasing foreshortened. I forgot that now. This glimpse was different. Could one ask for anything better than her red stacks through the snow? She was all right, and so were we. We had the proper aspect. I was unwilling to notice that the dock was sliding away from us. The snowflakes were beginning to come down on a slant. We were being carried off.

The snowfall ceased when we were in mid-channel. I felt the covered deck, and went to stand by the rail. From that height, looking straight down by the ship's side, the calm water we displaced seemed almost solid. It broke into planes, though it was not crystalline. The dark substance, with its creaming veins, had the texture of marble. I wondered if the green Numidian marble which Gibbon mentions as a luxury in the declining days of Rome, was as attractive as the sea beside our waterline. The lad from DeKalb, who had spoken to me at lunch, came over to the rail. He favoured molten glass as the proper comparison for the displaced water. Whatever the description, the sea was good to watch, and we had nothing else to do, except to find out more about DeKalb, or to communicate more about Gibbon. He had asked to see the volume under my arm, and had glanced at the pages doubtfully before returning it. But it was better to talk about DeKalb. What is there to say about the fall of Rome, except that we have had opportunities of comprehending how such revolutions come about? The lad from DeKalb was more interesting. He was returning to teach school. He was of Scandinavian copyright, and had been on a visit to his father's part of Finland. Finland was a good country; did I realize that some of the peasants there had a better sense of values than some of the graduate students he had known in Chicago? "Some of them," he repeated. "Of course, I don't mean all. I don't believe in general statements. Nor in anything that's said dogmatically." "You mean that everything's a matter of opinion?" "Well, so it seems to me," he answered. "Perhaps you'll say I'm too suspicious. I wouldn't want to be dogmatic even about that."

It looked as though we might discuss the question whether there is knowledge as opposed to opinion, and if so, whether one should be terrified of dogma. But Montreal, Columbus, Lincolnshire and Warwick joined us at the rail; and before these gentlemen, traveling respectively in coffee, automotive equipment, oriental rugs, and English china, had exhausted the points of a Union Castle liner in the offing, two fur-coated ladies descended to remark, in high-pitched nasal indignation, that the accommodation was in every way inferior to that of the boat they had come over in. They made it clear that the prospect of anything approaching decent service was extraordinarily remote.

I was making good progress with Gibbon before we left Queenstown. There was a flurry of excitement when we caught sight of the old *Celtic* lying on the rocks outside the point. It was hard to realize she was a wreck. She looked comfortable enough; one might not have guessed her back was broken. There were superstitious comments. When I went astern to the steerage deck for a last look at her, I overheard a statement that it was as unlucky for a port to change its name as for a ship. Indeed, it was odd that the *Celtic* should have come to grief at Cobh. But we stayed there hardly long enough to think about it. We set out into a westerly sea, which before long grew heavier. The gaps in the dining room saloon increased as the wind shifted from the southwest to the northwest, with the strength of a full gale. The night of the 22nd will be remembered for a time. The ship was light, and all day had been pitching violently. DeKalb and I spent much of the morning muffled up in overcoats against the squalls of driving rain, standing on the boat deck to watch seas exploding over the bows.

Towards evening the gale increased. On the unprotected boat-deck, it was not possible to stand against the squalls. It was difficult to use A-deck, though it was covered. For an hour or more I had the gymnasium to myself, and punched at the bag which frequently betrayed how far the walls could lurch from the vertical. The china gave notice of the same activity at the dinner hour. The stewards made a mistake in relying on wetted table-cloths. One notable bump cost the company enough crockery to furnish a tenement. (We found out afterwards that that sea flooded the boat-deck.) After a rubber of bridge with Montreal, Columbus and Warwick, I went to the main entrance on A-deck. The weather side was locked, but even on the lee side the covered deck was drenched with spindrift. After each dive it drove along the deck in sheets. Betweenwhiles one could make out the confusion of seas. As we wallowed, they were level with my vantage point; then they would be obliterated by another hissing burst of spray. I have not seen a wilder night. I made one turn along the deck, and slanted my way back to the protection of the door. There wouldn't be a hope for lifeboats on a night like this. I stayed there, fascinated, till a steward came towards me. It was midnight, and getting worse. His orders were to see that all was battened down. "A wet night." "Yes, sir, very wet. Good night, sir."

I went below. I was thinking of one's dependence on the ship. When she is laboring, our actions have to be appropriate. The two words Gibbon is fond of, the "amusement" and "instruction" of his enormous story, look a trifle askew in an unconfident time. Gibbon's reasons for the safety of eighteenth-century Europe, his speculations why it could not go the way of Rome, is the first place in a thousand pages where a reader today marks the margin with penciled crosses of doubt or disagreement. Even Napoleon, for instance, must have given a shock to Gibbon's observation that "in war, the European forces are exercised by temperate and indecisive contests." The dangers Gibbon thought about with anxious curiosity, were they the real ones? Was it Europe's safety that was implied by competitive armaments? It was hard to foresee some of the consequences of industrialism, in the eighteenth century. Then it was just beginning. Perhaps no government knew the grip of big business. As well ask Marcus Aurelius to foresee that the Huns and Goths might soon be on the move. But Marcus Aurelius did foresee a good deal, from his Carnuntum in Pannonia. The Romans must have been the first of literate nations to be confounded by problems of mass and size; perhaps an intelligent Roman would have understood the present temper, wherein men who were waiting for daylight ten years back are still waiting for daylight today. Bump! That was a big one, and a long roll afterwards.

I fell asleep. As breakfast is supposed to end at nine o'clock, it sometimes means a scramble for me in the morning. But I could tell from my bath that things were better. The others had finished with their eggs when I got down. The steward, who lacks his front teeth, and who consequently has a grin like a doughnut, told me we were hove to, last night, for some hours. "Hove to? That's unusual for a Cunarder." "Yes, sir. But it's better now." It was good enough for Gibbon. One could remember without malice the impression he gives that Marcus Aurelius was in some measure a prig. That impression does not really impress us; there is sympathetic appreciation of the stoics nowadays. Perhaps there is too much sympathy. I was hoping that if we should talk about the stoics, the lad from DeKalb would be properly scornful. I was looking to him for some exuberance. Why should he be asking himself, on every occasion, which were the unnecessary things? I decided to go and find him, and compare notes on the improvement in the weather. I took a turn on deck. The seas were blue in the sunlight. They had died down considerably. The wind was cold, but no longer impossible to stand against. There was snow in the scuppers; there would be more of it forward.

The snow and ice on the bows made a fine sight as we came into Halifax harbor. DeKalb was busy with a last-minute coaching of Mr. Kesti. Mr. Kesti was on his way to Toronto, to see if Canada could support a book-binding business more satisfactorily than Finland. The drawback was his complete lack of English. DeKalb, the only man aboard who could communicate with Mr. Kesti, had rescued him, and every day from two till four had drilled him in the mysteries of a tongue which is not spoken as it is written. Mr. Kesti was banking on a supply of small enamel Finnish flags, to find him friends in Canada. I had noticed DeKalb wearing the blue cross after his tutoring on the second day. I won mine later, for making Mr. Kesti practise his pronunciation on a page of Gibbon. The page was about the virtues of our wandering ancestors, and Mr. Kesti's success was partly due to his acquaintance with the book in Finland. We were sorry to lose Mr. Kesti. There were tears in his eyes when he parted from DeKalb. When that was over, and Montreal, Lincolnshire and Warwick had gone their ways, De Kalb and I set off to have dinner ashore.

We ate at the *Green Lantern*. When we were half way through the meal, two men came in and took seats at the next table. I looked, and looked again, and got up to shake hands with the sometime first officer of the *Transylvania*. A Captain now; and what was he doing in Halifax? We moved our places and sat down at his table. He hadn't asked for Halifax, he said; he had been eastbound from New York when he ran into trouble. His ship was light; she was banging about in the heavy seas. The glass was 29.50, and stationary. A plate forward on the waterline cracked in three places. She was taking water through it. He went down to have a look; when he got back to the bridge he got a message from a ship a hundred miles ahead of him that she was in the thick of it, and the bottom dropping out of her barometer. Our friend was only on the edge of it; there's no sense running into trouble. It was seventy miles to Halifax. He put in there, and they were working on a new plate now. He'd be off in the morning, but he had come ashore to get away from the ship for a few hours.

The next day we were on the way to New York. The weather was fine. DeKalb suggested having a look at the ship's engines. Ours was one of the superior oil-burning stokeholds. The stokehold of a cargo-boat is more confused. I looked up the emergency escape ladder, leading forward of the boilers to the fiddley top. There was a decent amount of room here; sometimes the ladder is so close to the boilers that the rungs are burning hot. They can take the skin off your hands, if you have to go up that way. We went aft to the engine-room. Turbines make an engine-room wonderfully compact. I have never seen a cargo-boat's reciprocating engines when the screw is racing, but I expect they would make a clatter. We went along the shaft alleys. There are emergency escapes from every part, though some are more difficult than others. Our guide then asked us if we would care to go above and see the steering gear. I did not clearly follow the connection between the electric motive units, the shock-absorbing tubes of oil, and the Samson rudder post; but the motion was beautifully controlled, however the seas might kick. I asked our guide about the steam and chain control, as used on smaller ships. He smiled. In the quiet here, we could listen to him comfortably. Steam and chain was out of date; the rudder could jerk so as to throw the chain off; sometimes they had to get busy with blocks and tackle, to improvise a rude guidance. There was no doubt about the superiority of our way of steering.

And in that case, there was less reason to be at outs with Gibbon. If one is sure the ship has a Samson rudder post, one ought to steam ahead and make a confident voyage, remaining scornful of failures and impatient with defeatists. But even Gibbon's shrewdness slipped a little in the estimate of the security of his own times. It isn't so easy to find the proper aspect, when one is at sea. Which should one remember, the *Aquitania* or the *Tees-bridge?*

F. V. Morley.

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Last of the Mountaineers

THE letters of W. D. Howells have been given to the public and the moment seems ripe for a glance at the relation between Howells and our own contemporaries, or rather at the relation between his work and theirs. The two relations are far from being one. If Howells had died in 1900, we should have exclaimed in 1920: "What would he say of us to-day?" But Howells did live till 1920, and said nothing vitriolic. He felt differences singularly little, and his juniors felt that little was to be gained by emphasizing their differences from Howells. Moreover, the movement in fiction which he headed prevailed until his death, prevails to-day. Fiction is still, in aim and matter, largely realistic, and it still seeks in art and style that *look* of spontaneity which Howells praised in style and not only praised but realized in art. The practice was much safer for him than for his juniors, because the dullard cannot distinguish the look of spontaneity from the fact, and the *fact* of spontaneity is—for the dullard—the negation of all that is valuable in art and style. It remains true, however, that in the crusade which Howells undertook in the 'eighties he has practically triumphed. The only trouble is, that when you are actually in Jerusalem, you begin to wonder if the Christians, after all, are so much better than the Turks. That happens after Godfrey of Bouillon is dead.

The difference in spirit between Howells and our time is real, and, to understand it, we must look back toward that efflorescence of New England in the mid-nineteenth century which found in the novelist the latest of its eminent disciples. Between 1830 and 1880 New England led the country in a movement which combined worship, freedom, culture, taste, and ethics in happy harmony and just proportion. The literary worth of that movement need not be argued here. Let me say only that its poetry, except in flashes, was not superlative, that it produced four, if not five, strong prose styles, that it produced a great novelist, a *causeur* worthy of Paris, and in Emerson an occurrence—I use the word advisedly—the momentousness of which is still unguessed by an insouciant posterity. But my immediate point is not literary, but human. In that day man as man stood high; as man he has since undoubtedly declined. To the mixture of reverences and affections just noted I shall for the moment give the name humanity; and to that mixture Howells, geographically an Ohioan, fell heir. A very few words will now make clear his relation both to the elder and to the later time.

* * *

In 1850 humanity in New England produced romance,—the "Scarlet Letter." In 1879 fiction, having added realism to humanity, produced the "Lady of the Aroostook." In 1920 fiction, having kept realism and dropped humanity, produced "Main Street." In Howells the two movements, the elder in its vigorous recession and the younger in its strong maturity, came together; and the combination made Howells. Howells answers a question: "What happens to realism when character, sympathy, reverence, and taste are added to the realist?" "Main Street" also answers a question: "What happens to realism when character, sympathy, reverence, and taste are excluded, not from the realist's life of course, but from his workshop?" The new realism wants to draw the *bare* man as seen by the *naked* eye. But there is no naked eye; an eye is a mass of sheaths and coverlets. So is a man even with his clothes off. Criteria, judgments, cannot be excluded. "Main Street" itself is a verdict, a verdict of "Guilty" against unintelligence and unprogressiveness. But if verdicts on intelligence and progressiveness are lawful, why not verdicts on morality and taste? The human race is like Peer Gynt's onion; our wrappages are all there is of us.

The truth is, that the more a man is, the more he understands. Every gain to being is an aid to comprehension. All restraining forces like conscience and taste understand both themselves and their opposites; the opposites understand nothing but themselves. Strangely enough, delicacy can draw either delicacy or coarseness better than coarseness can. It would be unfair to ask Mr. Dreiser to draw a Bromfield Corey, but ought he not to draw a Frank Cowperwood better than Howells? Frank Cowperwood is not ill drawn, but compare him with Bartley Hubbard, a character of the same predacious type, and he does not merely sink into offal; he vanishes into smoke. Howells's revolt from Bartley, since it is a seeing and not a blind revolt, is a powerful esthetic reënforcement. Sherwood Anderson, vibrant in distemper, is a temperament, making forays and seeking pasturage in other temperaments. What should he know of character? I should have rejoiced to see a delineation of Sherwood Anderson by Howells, but I would not turn a corner or turn a page to find a delineation of Howells by Sherwood Anderson.

* * *

Taste and conscience are not hindrances, but helps. They are biases, to be sure, but everything positive enough to be useful is a bias; a nervous system is a bias. Expectation governs eyesight; we see only the fulfilment or the contravention of our expectations. The more we feel, the more ways we feel, the more kinds of expectations we have, the wider and richer is the esthetic outlook. Every principle is a boundary, a Danube or Rio Grande, on the opposing sides of which contending tribesmen face each other in exciting contrast. It is a singular and most suggestive fact that even a frivolous principle like etiquette is made in the "Rise of Silas Lapham" the groundwork of the most enlivening appeals. A new criterion is like a new sense; it enlarges and diversifies the object. All this is true, and doubly and emphatically true, of ethical distinctions.

The ancient morality with its religious sanction shed a beam from the Great White Throne or a shadow from Gehenna on a dozen humble alternatives in the progress of a workman's simple day. Such a concept may be ignorant, may be chimerical, but its esthetic power is undeniable and plain. Even granting that a second esthetic exists which denies and excludes the first, that would no more prove that the first was unreal than a war between the Welsh and the Cornishmen would prove that the Welsh—or the Cornish either—were not Cymri. The place for the twentieth-century vagary that makes morality a bugaboo to art is on the same ashheap with the seventeenth-century chimera that made art a hobgoblin to morality. Away with the finical and ignominious notion that the faculties which house together in the same brain are foes or strangers, like the common occupants of a New York apartment-house, who do not speak in the elevator. Man is not a squabble, but a league, and his parts are not anchorites but coworkers. Nature, the ultimate realist, has no scruples about the approximation of use and beauty. Curiously enough, the favorite topic of artists of this school is sex, and sex, that is, esthetic rapture on a ground of biological necessity, is Nature's original and definitive repudiation of their creed.

* * *

Howells, then, brought to the examination of life the full equipment of a highly civilized and astonishingly gifted man. Our own realism, on the contrary, wants to simplify, to strip, and to despoil the man before it sends him out to discover what his fellow-men are like. Howells possessed the perennial source and spring of all sound realism, a love and respect for the object of its study. Realism without affection for reality is an atheist saying mass. Too much—not all—of our fiction doubts or even denies the value of the life and persons whom it draws. When John Howells, the novelist's son, said at thirty-one, that he didn't know what life was for, the father remarked: "I was fifty before I didn't know what it was for." Wasn't it object enough to be W. D. H.'s son or J. M. H.'s father? Question, denial, meet us everywhere. Mr. Dreiser uncovers our venalities and carnalities to the admiration of Mr. Mencken; Mr. Masters publishes a remarkable satire that is more devastating than Juvenal without being—and this completes and clinches the indictment—half so earnest; and across the ocean the most popular biography of our time devotes itself to the melancholy task of suggesting that a good woman may be contemptible. Is this the climate for realism? An age like ours should be writing "Vatheks" and "Undines"; by all the congruities and coherencies of things despair should find its mandragora in romance; Mr. Cabell's far from charmless "Domnei" is more to the purpose than Herrick's "Waste." Observation tends to become either contemptuous, prophylactic (the mouse's observation of the cat), or, it may be, simply mechanical, as if a criminal on the scaffold should count the buttons on the headman's coat.

Are we tired of realism without daring or caring to admit the fact? Do we begin to seek escape or, at worst, distraction? Strange prowlers like expressionism are heard in the sullen outskirts of our drama. In fiction Mr. Wilder goes to Peru to discuss theology (if I wanted to discuss theology, I *would* go to Peru). Mr. O'Neill, a most vivid personality, really original, inherently poetic, is incapable of the smallest interest in an undemonstrative person in a quiet situation, and has to seek respites from the irksomeness of actuality by sorties into the monstrous. The great resource, the chance which perhaps accounts for the preservation of realism in titular ascendency until this hour, has been the opening-up of new territory in the unpathed wilderness of sex. Realism plunged into the wild with the relief—the temporary or temporizing relief—with which land-seekers rush into an opened reservation. Here was material at once actual and new; here was virgin realism, virgin, I had almost said, to the ravisher. The barriers of the tenable doctrine, the treatable situation and the printable word, were moved forward with a strange speed and a portentous unanimity. So far as speech goes, I have no quarrel with the removal of the landmarks of decency to a more rational and less confining distance; what I deplore is that in the feast which celebrated this removal Priapus should have headed the procession. It is curious, again, that there should be so little blitheness in our animality. Our voluptuousness has a belated, elderly, unquiet air, as of a man of sixty-five who, after long sobrieties, feeling that he has missed life, installs a chorus-girl in an apartment.

* * *

I say too much. There is another side. Miss Ruth Suckow is a perfectly sincere and highly sympathetic realist; she has an art that Howells would have stroked. Faithful observers whom he did stroke remain among us; Mr. Tarkington faces life with amused nonchalance, Mr. Garland with reproachful candor. Mr. Hergesheimer has a lazy, muscular force, as of a mastiff sleeping in a courtyard. Mrs. Wharton, marvelously endowed, gives to actuality itself the effect of a superb exotic; in Mrs. Gerould a bitter insight finds solace in resentful scintillations. Our poetry as a whole is not despicable; it has much novel ingenuity and some real feeling. In a drama which seems crumbling all about us, Mr. O'Neill, if not yet, not demonstrably, a great force, is a great figure.

These things should be duly weighed. No weight that we may care to give them, however, will alter the fact that a new Howells in our day would be almost inconceivable, and the reason is instructive to the last degree. A man of his talents could be born to-morrow quite as imaginably as in 1837; what we can scarcely suppose is that a character like his could be born, or, if born, could be reared, in our surroundings. Nor is it clear that we are rearing other types of equal value. It is odd that our perfect willingness to follow Madame Bovary into every winding of her psychology and physiology has turned so few of us into Flauberts. Even the Flauberts, it would seem, have other origins. Release of the primitive has proved less profitable than we expected. Each of us felt that he caged within himself a wild animal which, if uncaged, would make his fortune in the gaping street. But, unluckily for the desired sensation, the strong wild things had died of heat and of confinement. The "Hairy Ape" in the O'Neill cage was the unique exception.

* * *

The disease of our literature is the disease of civilization itself; where life has no standard, letters can have none. When the house is on fire, to save the library, you must save the house. I propose to speak briefly of the house, of life in general. We lack character and principle, the seeds no less of a sound life than of a generous realism. Because we lack them, we order our lives at the bidding or suggestion of forces like science with its offshoot evolution or progress with its servant internationalism. All these are, or have been, ameliorative forces, but they should have no control of our purposes and standards, and, in the unlicensed exercise of that control, they

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by O. W. Firkins

have all but remanded us to our primitive instincts. Our sole help lies in the establishment within ourselves of a principle that can judge these forces and resist them where resistance is desirable. In a word, not one of them should influence our ends.

Those ends should be fixed by the race's deliberate estimate of what is most to be admired and sought in human character. Men agree more than they suppose they agree on the overwhelmingly decisive point of human excellence. They are agreed on Isaiah, on Socrates and Epictetus, on Regulus and Winkelried, on Angelo, on Pascal, on Alfred the Great, on Thomas More and Thomas Browne, on Lessing, on Emerson, on Lincoln, on Cardinal Mercier; they tend to agreement on Shelley. From such unanimities one might almost deduce a recipe or formula for man. I hinted at such a formula when I suggested that the New England movement, which found a mellow epilogue in Howells, combined worship, freedom, culture, taste, and ethics. It is clear that the difficult ingredient is worship. The other requirements are at least within the grasp of aspiration, but the passage of the old theology and of much —if not most—of the old theism has left us without guidance and without obvious resource in this particular. Intellectually, Howells himself dwelt only in the religious afterglow, but his character was shaped by its meridian.

* * *

Christianity was in fact a revelation, but not of God; what it revealed was man. It shed light on human possibilities. The variety in its forms was large; the variety in its disciples was immense: these two facts made it an experiment on a secular and mundane scale in the reaction of the heart of man to stimuli. Here and there, with the right helps, it produced extraordinary beings. It could not do this long or often or unaided; this indeed was rarely what it tried to do. Columbus, sailing for India, stumbled on America; Christianity, fumbling for deity, discovered man. The point is to respect and preserve its success in acknowledging its failure. Almost nobody is sane enough to grasp the double fact that Christianity is a sinking ship with treasure in its hold. That treasure is the veneration of its best disciples for life and for man. Everybody acts, it would seem, on the highly uncommercial supposition that the cargo of a sinking ship cannot be valuable. Mr. Julian Huxley in his "Religion Without Revelation" sees at least that there is something to be saved; only I fear that the boat to which he transfers the treasure is a cockle-shell. The faith which bred the veneration for life and man is irrecoverable; the future of the race may hinge on the question whether, being irrecoverable, it is also irreplaceable—whether, in a word, its benefits are irrecoverable. I find it hard to think that a permanently valuable state of mind can have for its one possible source an intrinsically evanescent fable. That something like the type we want can be produced outside of Christianity is proved, I think, by the Greek Sophocles.

Science should be viewed as an irrelevance. Our age in its spiritual penury need not fear the tolls of science for the same reason that the beggar does not dread the tax-collector. Indeed, we are released from real embarrassments. We are free from the burden of reconciling nature and virtue, a burden cast upon us by the old belief that the sources of nature and virtue were identical. Moreover, the absence of any known supreme intelligence clears the ground in a fashion for man. There is no proved superior mind to urge its purposes upon him, or divert him from the pursuit of the best that experiment has uncovered in his own nature. He is left master at least of his hopes, his standards, and his wishes. Science, lastly, is an arsenal of means; the chooser of ends can afford to disregard it.

* * *

There remains the superstition of progress. Not all progress need be classed as superstition. Progress in knowledge, progress in invention, may be real, since a store may be indefinitely greatened. Anglo-Saxons have progressed in liberty. But in the artistic, ethical, and kindred fields, though advance is possible, oscillation is more feasible than advance. These oscillations are exposed to criticism like other movements, and they evade that criticism by taking to themselves the name, the authority, and the seductiveness of progress. A man may progress toward Tyburn; a man need only turn upon his heel for recession to become progress; and it is not without interest that the most widely acclaimed poem of the last forty years should have borne the strange title of "Recessional." The truth is that a state or an age, like a man, may have inducements to do good or ill, and the juggle of progress in that case is to turn the temptation into a precept,—in other words, to make a sheriff of the footpad. The reasons for the present vogue of progress are partly the great momentum and the strong cohesion of the age, and partly the want of any inward permanent sense of what men can and ought to be. In this uncertainty proffers take the aspect of demands; not knowing what we want, we buy what the salesman progress undertakes to sell us. In literature and art we turn from whim to later whim, like a countryman in an art museum, passing from one object to the next, not because he wants to see that object, but because it is the next. Of internationalism a word only can be said. We move helplessly in the direction of a world-wide mixture of the traits of all nationalities, though there is not the slightest reason to believe that such a mixture would be half as good as France or England or even couchant Italy or humbled Germany to-day.

All these forces may be good. Their ascendency is the evil; they help where they do not govern. They have drifted into the place left vacant by the abdication of the human spirit in the bewilderment following the inevitable passage of its ancient guide and counselor, inherited Christianity. That human spirit should resume its sway. All vain and fantastic theories to the contrary notwithstanding, the redemption of literature, its enfranchisement and prosperity, lie in its participation in a movement for the redemption of the spirit of man as a whole from its ignoble bondage. Art is the child of life, and, being its child, should be its sustenance and stay; filial piety is among the few remaining virtues which our listlessly ironic age consents to honor. The time will come when men will look back with scorn and amazement at the pitiful criticism which ignores material, which emphasizes virtuosity, which finds its criterion in the agreement of the result with the intention, a procedure manifestly inept since one of the two elements to be compared is inaccessible to observation. Subject and aim, their quality and grade, are all-important. The man who, like Howells, paints the good in men's lives that it may be loved and the ill in men's lives that it may be mended, being the real human being, is the true artist.

* * *

I have called Howells the last of the mountaineers, the last eminent survivor of a generous and high tradition. That tradition even yet survives in a way, but it survives like a fleet after a hurricane—in parted fragments. Once worship, freedom, culture, taste, and ethics coexisted. To-day worship persists among the uncultivated; culture survives among the irreligious. Among the cultivated, morality is shamefaced and freedom tongue-tied. These parted seafarers have no rendezvous. The question is if they, by chance or effort, can rejoin each other. That reunion is the object of our quest. Changing our figure, yet still keeping a glimpse of sea-blue in the distance, we are now in the condition of the Greeks in Xenophon's "Anabasis" after the fall of their ambitious leader, the young Cyrus. We have been tempted far from home and country; we find ourselves in the heart of a barbaric empire with strange complexions, curious usages, and alien garb. Nothing remains to us but the long and arduous return, the grim journey in which arrival is doubtful, but privation sure. We may faint in the long labor of the march; we may drop our brittle lives in the swollen river, on the icy peak, or in the blinding sand. Fainting or failing, we must still push on. The cry of "Θαλασσα! Θαλασσα!" may come at last to end and to requite our toil; but, if we fall before we hear or raise that shout, we may die at least with foot and eye turned westward, with heart and breath forward reaching, in latest throb and parting sigh, toward Hellas and the sea.

The publication of "The Life in Letters of William Dean Howells," Edited by Mildred Howells (New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928, $10), gives timeliness to this brief survey of the relations between Howells and our contemporaries, or rather of the relation between his work and theirs. The book is one to be enjoyed and re-enjoyed—a book to tempt one to ignore the tick of the disapproving clock and the stroke of the admonitory bell. For those who feel the spell of Howells there is the old, frank, gay, caressing, coy, self-flouting friendliness; for the heathen who defy that spell there are undeserved but vivid compensations. Great persons, Emerson, Lowell, Mark Twain, Henry James, William James, Dickens, Stevenson, Kipling, Björnson, Valdés, Tolstoy, Roosevelt, Taft, saunter easily into the book as into a clubroom. Most of them speak with their own voices. This is a book of persons, of generous persons in expansive moods. Howells, who combined a patrician mind with a democratic heart, whose fine peculiarity sometimes hid his real universality from average or incidental view, scarcely writes to an undistinguished person. Privilege is one keynote of this life; the other, by a fine reprisal, is humility. Memorable generalities are few; that harvest is stored in other garners. But intelligence and wit are omnipresent, and, where character is wanted, as in the protest against national folly or judicial wrong, the response is electrically keen.

This book is a "Life" in "Letters." The twelve opening pages are narrative, and brief explanatory notes precede the letters (they should follow, I think, or if not, the letters should be numbered). The proceeding is unusual, but the letters form a chain and a whole—a self-justifying whole. They form indeed a much shapelier unit than the normal biography, the type biography being generically amorphous. The work as art is perfectly defensible; it answers all the questions that it prompts. These do not include all the questions—not even all the fair questions. Let one trifle stand for many larger things. Did Howells ever own a motor car? We are not told, not because Miss Howells minds our knowing, but because the automobile does not cross her route. She has not even summarized the autobiographies. Miss Howells cannot "prattle" about her deepest feelings or their objects, an incapacity which is almost a distinction. The result is no defect in her work, but a hiatus of a sort in literature. There now exists no one book which contains even in summary all the available and important printed facts about the life of Howells. If such a book is to be, one may in all reverence be a little sorry that anything less wise than filial knowledge or less kind than filial tenderness should supervise its preparation.

We append the titles of a few of the books on Howells which may be used as reference works.

"Life in Letters of William Dean Howells," edited by Mildred Howells (Doubleday, Doran); "William Dean Howells," by Alexander Harvey (Huebsch; Viking); "William Dean Howells," by Delmar G. Cooke (Dutton); "William Dean Howells," by Oscar W. Firkins (Harvard University Press); "Years of My Youth," by W. D. Howells (Harpers); "My Literary Passions," by W. D. Howells (Harpers); "A Boy's Town" (autobiographical), by W. D. Howells (Harpers).

There is no complete definitive edition of Howells's works, and no immediate prospect of any. Houghton Mifflin Company publish all the earlier novels; Harper publishes almost all the later ones; the editions of the two houses are closely similar.

O. W. F.

Mr. Oscar W. Firkins, author of the foregoing article, is Professor of Comparative Literature in the University of Minnesota, and a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He has been a frequent contributor to the Nation, *the* Atlantic Monthly, *the* Yale Review, *and other periodicals, and from* 1919-1921 *was dramatic critic of the* Weekly Review. *In addition to "William Dean Howells—A Critical Biography" (Harvard University Press) he is the author of studies of Emerson and Jane Austen.*

H. G. Wells has written a scenario, "The King Who Was a King." The *Manchester Guardian* says of it: "Generally considered it offers a good basis of Puritanian magazine stuff in order to build thereon a good Wellsian moral and to preach the creation of peace by a genuine economic realism."

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Books of Special Interest

America and the Arts

THE AMERICAN RENAISSANCE. By R. L. DUFFUS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MR. DUFFUS made a pilgrimage in search of evidence for this awakening of America to the arts and found it in various parts of the country from Boston to New Orleans and Los Angeles, but his idea of what a renaissance would be, and where to look for the signs of it, seems restricted. For the most part he means a revival of interest in the plastic arts, though he gives one of his five parts to the Arts Dramatic; secondly, his whole idea of a renaissance is educational. Under the Arts Dramatic he describes the work of Professor Baker but makes no reference to that of Eugene O'Neill, the first dramatist of internationally recognized importance ever produced in America. Nor does his American Renaissance include modern American architecture, except as something taught in a school of architecture, although both foreign and domestic critics seem to be now approaching the opinion that the new features of structural steel and concrete architecture here is one of the most notable things in the history of the art. His renaissance is something going on in universities, academies, museums turned educational, art classes and courses of lectures, art centers, and community movements for the study of the arts. His point of view is cultural and academic.

To another point of view, however, a renaissance consists more of things done than of things studied. A really beautiful piece of poetry is a better proof of it than any number of drawing classes or museum lectures. It is the Whistler vs. Ruskin issue in which the plaintiff maintains that art is something made, not something talked about.

Nevertheless Mr. Duffus's investigation was well worth while. It appears that those who are endeavoring to educate America into art are of two kinds, those who aim at culture and those who aim at craftsmanship. Art at Harvard, for instance, inherits the tradition of Charles Elliot Norton and possesses the Fogg Art Museum. Norton taught a highly moralized culture and the Fogg Museum makes something of a speciality of training art museum curators. Art at Princeton is rather historical, and associated with Allan Marquand and Howard Crosby Butler, the former an authority on the Italian Renaissance, the latter an archeologist. These, like the art courses in most universities are cultural. The Art School at Yale was headed for fifty years back successively by two painters, J. F. Weir and Sargent Kendall, and, like most art schools, its aim is chiefly craftsmanship. Important art schools, among those whose recent development and increasing importance Mr. Duffus discusses and describes, are in Brooklyn, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago.

But craftsmanship does not all come from art schools, and those who approach art as a personal adventure are apt to find art schools conservative if not stodgy. Innovations come from adventurous individuals or groups of spontaneously combustive students. The Art Students League grew out of a rebellion against the scheme of education represented by the American Academy of Design. Mr. Duffus's attitude toward adventure in art is sceptical, not to say "sniffy." He remarks that "it is the fashion at the League to work hard and be passionately interested in one's work, just as it is the fashion of many universities and colleges to be passionately interested in everything but one's work. The League may not be educational—I do not pretend to judge—but it is, after its fashion, magnificent." This seems to be handsome and liberal, but the attitude of mind involved is surprising. What in the world is more educational than "to work hard and be passionately interested in one's work?" The thing which he regards as a sort of pose, though possibly in some fashion educational, most modern educators regard as the one thing in education that is not doubtful. It seems to me, if I were looking for signs of a renaissance even merely educational, I should feel the discovery of a few people who were passionately interested more suggestive than any number of people who were just interested.

Mr. Duffus describes and discusses three American Academies of Art, in New York, Philadelphia, and Rome; the educational development of museums in New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Toledo, and Houston; and several community movements that seem to be typical. He concludes that "something is going on." There seems to be no doubt of the fact. But it does occur to one that a fifteenth century Florentine, who suspected that "something was going on" and was searching for evidence, would have missed most of the evidence, if he never looked in shops and studios except to consider them as art schools, or noticed the Baptistry doors or the dome of the new cathedral.

Expressing Reality

TRANSITION STORIES. Twenty-three Stories from *transition.* Selected and edited by EUGENE JOLAS and ROBERT SAGE. New York: Walter McKee. 1928.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE editor of this collection of stories from *transition* says in his preface that the authors are concerned with finding a new expression for reality. They are, indeed, like all artists, concerned with finding the reality under the appearances. We humans have always felt that if we can find that underlying truth, no matter how hard it is, even if it is that the gods are cruel, there is something the soul can rest on; but if there is none, if the surfaces that send images to our senses are all, then life is indeed unbearable. This need to find the real is felt with especial keenness now, both because the world of physical appearances is more insistent than ever, and because many of us can no longer accept the theistic conception of the universe which has persisted, through the Nominalism of the age of Dryden and the piety of the nineteenth century, to our own time.

Deprived of this, our modernistic authors are basing a conception of reality upon the fact that no two people see the same tree, and that one's apprehension of the tree depends not only upon his reason, but upon his senses, his desires, and everything in him. Accordingly, to portray the tree for us they give it to us as perceived by many states of mind, endeavor to put us into other minds and let us perceive it, hoping in the end to find a Real Tree that may have the significance for us of the Platonic idea for other times. Thus they produce an art curiously like the transcendentalism of the early nineteenth century, with the same preoccupation with subjective and objective, and the same fondness for symbolism that overloads, say, "Moby Dick."

* *

The stories in this book are admirable examples of this school. The great virtue that they have in common is courage. The authors are ready to know and say the worst of the world and themselves. For example, in "Liberty or Love," a prolonged sexual revery thinly veiled under symbols, Robert Desnos says:

> Meanwhile I had turned into the Rue des Pyramides. The wind wafted the leaves torn from the trees of the Tuileries and these leaves fell with a soft noise. They were gloves, gloves of all kinds, kid gloves, suede gloves, long lisle gloves. . . . From time to time, heavier than a meteor at the end of its course, a boxing glove fell."

Well, if that is what falling leaves are to mean to us, by all means let us face it. We may feel some regret at the thought of what they would have meant to Saint Francis of Assisi, or any one else in an age of faith, but better our own erotic significance than none, or a pretense. In reading these moderns one can be sure, as with no other writers, that they tell what they feel, not what they ought to feel.

The common weakness of these stories is an obscurity that seems almost wilful. Nobody can doubt the sincerity of such authors, but in reading, for instance, the preface to this book, it is difficult not to feel that it is partly a perverse pride that causes the editor to make his explanation itself so hard to follow. At all events, the modernist movement still wants its interpreter. It has produced much writing like the murkier pages of the "Biographia Literaria" or Melville's "Pierre, or The Ambiguities," but nothing like the clear prose of Wordsworth's or Emerson's critical writings. The modernists are like the professor in Chesterton who, having evolved a better means of communication than English, refused to employ English or any known language to teach his own, but simply used it himself and waited for others to pick it up.

"Transition stories" will make no appeal to the unconverted, but those who have learned the language, who know how to read James Joyce and Gertrude Stein (both of whom are represented), will find this an interesting anthology of modernism.

Shakspere's Silences

By ALWIN THALER

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Books of Special Interest

Polynesian Culture

COMING OF AGE IN SAMOA. By MARGARET MEAD. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by MARY ELIZABETH JOHNSON
Syracuse University

MODERN biology, psychology, sociology, and anthropology converge to the point of confirming the basic similarity of the human organism in all races and cultures. Differences, then, in patterns of behavior, are differences in conditioning through participation in differing cultural situations. In keeping with this view, Margaret Mead set out to answer the questions, "Are the disturbances which vex our adolescents due to the nature of adolescence itself, or to the civilization? Under different conditions, does adolescence present a different picture?" She answers the second question affirmatively, and her findings are pleasantly elaborated in "Coming of Age in Samoa."

The central chapters of the book, omitting the first and final two, present a charming picture of a Polynesian people, whose culture is simple and uniform. Complacent and leisurely, the Samoan lives at ease in a rich environment amply providant of all his simple needs. Case studies of fifty girls in three neighboring villages afford data in alluring, intimate detail.

It is apparent that in Samoa the child is relatively free from coercion. She may assume the stereotyped patterns of behavior prevalent in her community whenever she is ready, psychologically, to assume them. For her behavior she is responsible, not to her parents, but to older children, and in return is responsible for those younger than herself. She may choose among her relatives that house which suits her fancy, unhampered by parental discipline. Better food or a minor disagreement with her family are sufficient reasons for change of residence. She is industrious, for much of the lighter work is performed by children. The facts of life and death are no mystery to her, and repeated experiences rob them of high emotional value. Possible sex experience is wide in range and comes to her in the course of her development, without sense of guilt due to community disapproval. Thus, through participation in adult cultural activities in early years, freed from coercion and repression, the child is prepared for unemotional acceptance of adolescence. Few of the assumptions of adult obligations coincide with puberty, since size, strength, and skill determine what part the growing child shall take in community life.

The lack of coherence between chapters one, twelve, and thirteen, and the remainder of the volume leads to the inference that they have been added to provide a basis for popular appeal and to give the book its subtitle—"A Psychological Study of Primitive Youth for Western Civilization."

Chapter one shows the object of the study, the aim and method of the investigation, and paves the way for the final chapters. Chapter twelve is given over to comparisons of various traits in American and Samoan culture—a method extremely precarious in any scientific study of social phenomena, and especially so when used as a basis for generalizations. This is followed by a chapter entitled, "Education for Choice," which includes a compilation of descriptive material indicating problems faced by adolescents in America. The suggestion is made, that since American youth is faced by necessity with choices so varied and complex, education should aim at equipping the young person to choose wisely without too great emotional strain.

Thus, the implication is that all these data on Samoa have values for Western civilization. What these values are is not quite clear. The final chapter seems to sum to this point: we must modify the social environment to reduce the stress and strain of adolescence by teaching children how to think, rather than what to think, and leaving them free to make their choices. In Samoa there is less strain at adolescence, but we note also that deep affective relationships so productive of rich integrated personalities are lacking. Granted emotional disturbance is not inherent in biological development, but an accompaniment of cultural adjustment, what is there in the book for Western civilization other than a diverting notation of contrasts? Turning to the appendix, we are further confused. Here is evidence that Samoan culture, through infusion of many occidental culture traits, has lost much of its old verility. Old coercive folkways, such as the complete authority of the father over his household, even to matters of life and death, and heavy penalties for unchasteness in women, have broken down under the impact of Western governmental measures, and have not been replaced. This may, or may not, have meaning for America with its vast commingling of cultures and races.

Although the author says that she is not a specialist in the field, and presents no inductive data on the subject, she assumes that there are fewer cases of neuroses in Samoa than in Western civilizations. The question arises: Can the number of cases of functional nervous disorder be determined by a person from another culture, particularly one who is not a specialist, in so short a period as nine months? Since neuroses are functional disturbances, their patterns differ necessarily with the type of conditioning of the individual. How could these be identified in so brief a study? Deductively, one would conclude, that, since personal relationships are shallow, the number of individuals suffering from functional nervous disorders would be less than in a culture where personal relationships are so closely integral in the emotional life. Inductively the evidence from this study would not seem conclusive. Facts, scientifically descriptive of emotional conflicts in other cultures, are from two sources; interpretative studies made by individuals who have lived in another culture long enough to feel as the people of that culture feel, to view life as they view it, and generalizations from large numbers of objective records of behavior of many individuals in many situations, affording quantitative measurement of deviations in many traits. "Coming of Age in Samoa" is based on one study of the second type. Before generalizations may be made there must be many such investigations.

The essential importance of the book lies in its application of ethnological technique to the study of primary groups. It is important, also, that the findings have been made so interestingly available to the general reader. The book will receive attention from anthropologists, sociologists, and psychologists, especially since a foreword has been written by Dr. Franz Boas.

Japan the Nation

THE GOVERNMENT OF JAPAN. By NAOKICHI KITAZAWA. Edited by WILLIAM STARR MYERS. Princeton: Princeton Press. 1929.

NIPPON SHINDO RON, OR THE NATIONAL IDEALS OF THE JAPANESE PEOPLE. By YUTAKA HIBINO. Translated by A. P. MCKENZIE. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. (Macmillan.) 1928.

been written by Dr. Franz Boas.

Reviewed by KENNETH S. LATOURETTE

HERE are two excellent books by Japanese. "The Government of Japan" had its inception in papers prepared for an advanced course at Princeton. In its present form it is a clear, simple description of the machinery of national and local government in Japan. It is written objectively with practically no attempt either to defend or to blame. As an introduction to the subject for Americans no better book has appeared in English.

"Nippon Shindo Ron" is the translation of a textbook used in some of the government schools in Japan. Its purpose is education in patriotism and morals—the inculcation in the youth of the nation of the ideal conduct of Japanese subjects, and it is based upon the famous imperial rescript of 1890 on education. The author was long the head of one of the prominent secondary schools and has been a member of Parliament. The book holds up as an ideal General Nogi, who, it will be remembered, stirred the nation by committing suicide on the death of the Emperor Meiji. General Nogi, moreover, read and approved the manuscript of the book. In this volume, then, we have a clear picture of the ethical standards which the older generation in Japan, backed by official sanction, is attempting to pass on to the youth of the land. The major emphasis is upon loyalty to the Emperor and pride in and devotion to the Empire. Japan is lauded in contrast with other countries—although Japanese are enjoined, as citizens of a world society, to coöperate in the public life of the world. Much is made of other of the Confucian virtues—of the duties of parents and children, of younger and older brothers, of husbands and wives, and of friends. Gentleness, modesty, frugality, obedience to law, and the cultivation of learning are praised. Examples are drawn from ancient and Chinese history to reënforce the teachings of the book. The old Japan, trained in Confucian precepts, is speaking to the new.

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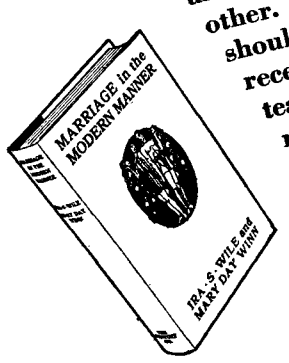

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Books of Special Interest

Isadora Duncan

THE UNTOLD STORY. By MARY DESTI. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. $3.50.

ISADORE DUNCAN'S RUSSIAN DAYS AND HER LAST YEARS IN FRANCE. By IRMA DUNCAN and ALLAN ROSS MACDOUGALL. New York: Covici-Friede. 1929. $3.50.

MARY DESTI was a friend of Isadora Duncan for twenty years, and all her story of that sad, mad period of decadence between 1921 — when Isadora's autobiography ended—and the great dancer's theatrically tragic death in 1927, is written in the almost hysterical tone of adoration of one who regarded herself as no more than "a little ball of earth which rolled to your feet one day," and Isadora Duncan as the "greatest woman of her time," if not, indeed, a sort of goddess.

It adds little to the outsider's understanding of the real and important Isadora Duncan, and perhaps almost too much of the dreary surfaces of that macabre dance round and round Europe, from one shabby lover, and one heap of broken champagne bottles and unpaid bills to another; the mirage of beauty, youth, and some sort of spiritual peace just contriving to lift her ahead of galloping despair. It is a pertinent part of Isadora Duncan's life, to be sure, but isolated thus from her high and shining years, and set in an ecstatic key ill fitting its underlying irony and tragedy, it serves less to bring the latter home than to accent that element of maudlin estheticism which has so often entered into the activities of the Duncans and their devotees and from which not even Isadora herself always escaped.

She herself was touched with genius; was, indeed, in the strength and passion of her feeling for beauty and her power to create it, and in the influence she had on others' minds and lives, what might quite definitely and properly be called "great." But in the attempt to transfer, isolated from all its normal and original surroundings, one aspect of a vanished civilization into a civilization in no wise fitted for it, there was inevitably an element of falsity—not in Isadora's own attitude, but in the attempt itself, objectively viewed. Its *reductio ad absurdum* separated from the beauty and genius of Isadora, was represented by one of the brothers, years ago, tramping, himself, and dragging his shivering children, bare-armed and bare-legged, and wrapped loosely in robes intended for the mild airs of the Greek archipelago, through the gales of winter-time New York; and it is embodied again, in this book, in the photograph of Raymond Duncan, in similar costume, at his sister's funeral in Paris, with his self-conscious, spinsterlike face, streaming hair, and fringed toga flying in the breeze—less like a man than some grisly sort of manikin.

As long as Isadora had her youth and beauty, and made beauty every time she moved, and lived spiritually in a world which was what she, at least, fancied to be that of the ancient Greeks, this meretricious aspect of the cult was not unpleasantly apparent. It is in these latter years that it becomes painful. For it wasn't a beauty nourished on locusts and wild honey, which found its inspiration in sun, wind, and blue water, the curl of the surf, the waving of the ripe wheat.

It could not exist without cocktails and champagne and the most expensive restaurants and hotels and all that usually goes with them—all else was low, mean, "bourgeois." It neither accepted nor recognized any of the usual duties and responsibilities, even such elementary ones as speaking well of one's associates and paying one's bills. The Parthenon, the Niké, and the Venus of Melos were far, far away—much farther than the Adlon, and Deauville, and Cannes. In Isadora's inner spirit, that strong and beautiful first vision doubtless still survived, and struggled for the light, and those who were close to her doubtless saw it and felt that it was there, but it is hard for the casual reader to see, and for this reason it is unfortunate that these last shabby years had to be chronicled separated from all the rest.

The book by Irma Duncan and Allan Ross Macdougall, Isadora Duncan's adopted daughter and associate on her Russian trip, and her former secretary and old friend, tells little more about the inner workings of their patron's mind and temperament than does Miss Desti's, but it is free from the gush of the latter, written circumspectly and with tact, and in its frequent quotations from Isadora's and others' letters and from contemporary comment of various sorts, comes a good deal nearer being "documented."

The Russian adventures are reported, naturally, more solidly and in detail than they could be in Miss Desti's second-hand and more impressionistic account. In general, the difference between the artist and the woman—the high aim that Isadora Duncan held until the last and the body that, as she approached middle-age, constantly dragged her down, is better kept in mind in this than in the other book. The authors incline to ignore or slur over the latter and keep their accent on the first, and as a result their picture of these last years of the dancer's life can be read without any sharp sense of disillusion and as a not inconsistent sequel to what had gone before.

Eccentric Narrative

A VOYAGE TO PAGANY. By WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1928. $2.50.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS is an extraordinary person; in his literary relations he is probably unique. A practising physician in New Jersey, he should for the sake of his peace of mind be in Paris with his spiritual affinities. Generally speaking, the experimental expatriates are his admirers and at the same time his mentors. "A Voyage to Pagany" is dedicated "to the first of us all, my old friend Ezra Pound. . . ." and we are sure that the "us" means Joyce, Stein, the "transition" group, *et al.* It is safe to say that to William Carlos Williams the center of contemporary English literature is Paris. Therefore, as this book shows, he is lonely and bitter. The bitterness, however, is not wholly literary; it is founded in large part on a conviction that he is a wandering soul without the hope of finding a destination.

"A Voyage to Pagany" tells of the pilgrimage to Europe of a New Jersey physician who is something of a *littérateur*; although he is named Evans, he seems to be largely William Carlos Williams. This pilgrimage is a search for the meaning of life. Vague yearnings for the ultimate key to significance drive this unfortunate Evans through Europe and back again to New Jersey, the key unfound and despair blacker than ever in his spirit. Three women fail to suggest any answer to the questions he asks; one of these women is his sister, two are his mistresses. The situation between Evans and his sister is grotesque, implications of incest being inescapable. Evans catches a faint glimpse of satisfaction in Vienna as a medical center, but the fog soon drifts back in again. As we read we are tempted to confuse Evans's literary *préciosité* with his defeat in living, but the two are separate, the latter being by far the more important. The value of this chronicle of a search depends upon the ability of its narrator to make us feel that the search is clear and dignified, that it is not merely frantic and impotent. The writer of this review feels that the narrative is justifiable and worthy of attention.

William Carlos Williams is said by his friends to be a great stylist. He does make us conscious of his manner at all times, but that manner is constantly changing. We cannot say that any one of many styles found in the book is the author's natural style. In this aspect of his writing, as in all other aspects, he exposes himself to the charges of affectation, artificiality, and vacillation. There is no plot, merely a travel-narrative that is intensely spotty in excellence and method. For only a few pages do we see into any other character than Evans. This central figure, however, is as solid and lucid as it could be, considering its peculiarities of temperament. Evans did not know what he wanted, but he knew how he felt during the enervating search. We can follow the twistings and writhings of his spirit, and we sympathize. Therefore we speak well of "A Voyage to Pagany" as an eccentric narrative of a specially troubled soul; it has no orthodox qualities, but it has better than an even chance of pleasing the literary-minded and the inquisitive.

As a writer on religious subjects, Bishop Walpole, who died recently, was as prolific as his son, Hugh Walpole, is in fiction. Among the score of works of his authorsihp are "The Divine Example," "Personality and Power," "The Greatest Service in the World."

Hugh Walpole is said to have drawn portraits of his father in several of his books and to have made use of the ecclesiastical atmosphere he absorbed during childhood.

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Foreign Literature

Emperor Charles

KAISER KARL. Von ARTHUR GRAF POLZER-HODITZ. Vienna: Amalthea Verlag. 1929.

Reviewed by ROBERT DUNLOP

QUITE apart from the fresh light it throws on the character of the late Emperor Charles and his political views, this book, written by one who knew him intimately, possesses a special value for those who are interested in investigating the causes that led to the downfall of the Austro-Hungarian empire. That these causes do not lie on the surface is evident from the widely entertained notion that the Hapsburg monarchy was rotten to the core and that, even without the impulse given by the war, it was bound sooner or later to collapse by reason of its own inherent weakness. No one, of course, will deny that in the last years of its existence the Hapsburg monarchy was in a parlous condition and that it was in dire need of reconstruction; but that it had outlived its *raison d'être*, or that its destruction by the Treaty of St. Germain was an act of political wisdom, no impartial observer of the present state of Central Europe will for a moment admit.

To-day it is even more apparent than when he penned the words, that Palacky was right in asserting that if the Empire did not exist it would be necessary to create it not merely in the interest of Europe but of humanity itself. But that is a matter for politicians. Here we are more interested in considering the causes that led to its collapse. The primary cause, as students of history are now beginning to recognize, was the fatal *Ausgleich*, or compromise, of 1867 that split the Empire in two, and in the persistent efforts of Hungary to establish itself as an independent State. The object of the *Ausgleich* was to secure the supremacy of the German and Magyar nationalities in Austria and Hungary respectively. But instead of doing this, it led, as Palacky warned its advocates it would inevitably do, to a strong and persistent agitation on the part of the Slavs to secure for themselves that degree of independence which the *Ausgleich* had accorded to Hungary. No one will deny that the Slavs were perfectly justified in demanding equal rights with the Germans and Magyars in an Empire in which they actually formed a majority. But the Germans, and least of all the Magyars, would consent to admit their claim.

It is to the credit of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, whose murder at Sarajevo in June 1914 started the World War, that he recognized the danger of the situation and that he was determined at the first opportunity to break the opposition of the Magyars and reconstruct the Empire on a federal basis. The opportunity to do so was unfortunately denied him and it is one of history's ironies that the bullet that put an end to his life was fired by a Slav. The outbreak of the war gave a new turn to the course of events. The war in the opinion of every German was a war of liberation. It was to put an end once for all to the Slav terror and establish German supremacy in Central Europe. But as time went on, and the prospect of victory grew doubtful, the hopes of the Slavs revived. Such was the situation when Francis Joseph died in November 1926.

Much has been written to the disparagement of his successor, the emperor Charles, and it may at once be conceded that he was not a man of strong character or commanding ability, but it should be borne in mind that the problem he was confronted with was one that would have taxed the ability of a Bismarck to solve. From the very moment of his accession Charles had two objects in view, *viz.* to put an end to the war as soon as possible and to concede political autonomy to the Slavs. His misfortune was, as Graf Polzer, who has set himself the task of cleansing his reputation from the aspersions, which personal malice and political rancor have cast upon it, makes perfectly clear, that he could find none of his ministers willing and able to assist him in carrying out a straightforward Austrian policy. Fear of offending Germany always blocked the way. In nothing is this more apparent than in the matter of the intensified submarine action that drove America into the war and in that of the Amnesty, which was intended to repair so far as possible the wrong done by the military executions and imprisonments to the Slavs and in the last hour to prevent the dissolution of the Empire.

Graf Polzer's sympathetic study, with its interesting gallery of historical portraits, furnishes much food for reflection and it is to be hoped that it will be rendered accessible by translation to a wider range of readers.

Foreign Notes

WRITING evidently runs in the Mann family, for now the children of Thomas Mann, Klaus and Erika, have published a joint account of their travels round the world. "Rundherum" (Fischer), as their book is called, records their impressions of America, Japan, Siberia, and Russia. It is written with animation and evident retrospective enjoyment.

The latest war book to create a sensation in Germany, where war novels are both numerous and increasingly popular, is "Im Westen Nichts Neues" (Berlin: Propylaen Verlag), by Erich Maria Remarque. This is the story of a class of eighteen- and nineteen-year-old boys who joined up as volunteers in accordance with the desire of their schools, and who fell before they were twenty, only dimly cognizant of the causes of their suffering, and rather wondering why they were fighting. The tale is told with simplicity and restraint, but is profoundly moving.

In effect a battle journal, Ardengo Soffici's "Kobilek" (Florence: Vallecchi), is a day-by-day account of the great war, which, though necessarily fragmentary, is vivid and tragic. Signor Soffici does not concern himself with moral or social speculations, but depicts with sympathy and simplicity the sufferings of the soldiers and their reactions to battle.

In his latest novel, "Eugenie, oder die Bürgerzeit" (Vienna: Zsolnay), Heinrich Mann has returned to pre-war Germany. His tale revolves about a German *bürgerlich* household in 1875, and presents as background some of the events of an era of financial speculation. It is in light vein, but it is an artistic portrayal of a period.

M. Drieu la Rochelle has shown keen sympathy, a delicate apperception, and considerable powers of characterization in his "Bléche" (Paris: La Nouvelle Française). The novel is a study of an intellectual who is abnormally sensitive to the life of others but apparently unable to adjust himself to the world. Into his inhibited self-isolation comes a young girl who gradually awakens him to fuller self-realization. M. la Rochelle has portrayed her growing influence for good upon him with penetration and the figure of the girl as she emerges from his analysis is at once sharp and gracious.

During the whole of the Great War Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria kept a diary in which he entered events as they appeared or were reported to him and to which he added comment and explanation, orders, reports, and letters. From this mass of material a three-volume work, entitled "Mein Kriegstagbuch" (Munich: Deutscher National Verlag), has now been compiled under the editorship of Eugen von Frauenholz. The volumes have been checked by Generals Krafft von Dellmensingen and von Kuhl, who were the Prince's chiefs of the staff, and they have added explanatory notes where necessary. They are a valuable quarry for the historian of the war.

"Axelle" (Paris: Michel), Pierre Benoit's latest novel, is the story of a French prisoner of war and of his love for a Prussian girl. It is a vividly presented and well articulated story, setting forth a striking picture of life in a German reprisal camp. M. Benoit writes without exaggeration or bitterness and offsets the sterner side of his description with an appealing romance.

Pierre Legouise has recently issued a study, "André Marvell: Poète, Puritain, Patriote" (Paris: Didier), of which the London *Times Literary Supplement* says: "One can say without exaggeration that this full-dress biography and critical study of Andrew Marvell by a Frenchman is so complete, so acute, so authoritative, that Englishmen who read French well will never be in need of another. . . . He has traced every activity of Marvell's that can be traced, and has illustrated each by careful studies of contemporary activities in the same fields; so that not only lyric and satiric verse in the seventeenth century, but politics and religion also, are discussed at length in the course of his work."

Henry Williamson "arrives" in his new novel

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 55. We printed in our issue of March 2 a selection of the outstanding entries submitted in Competition No. 52 which offered a fifteen dollar prize for the best short rhymed poem called "Still Life." The winning poem, which had not been named, was included among them. A further prize of fifteen dollars is now offered for the best critical review of those poems, a review not exceeding 400 words exclusive of quotations. Competitors are required to choose their own prizewinner and discuss the remaining poems in order of merit as far as possible. The authors of the poems are not debarred from participation in this contest. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of March 25.)

Competition No. 56. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most convincing rendering of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam as it might have been translated by Mr. Carl Sandburg. Specimens must not exceed 400 words. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of April 8.)

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

COMPETITION NUMBER FIFTY-THREE

The prize for the best poem written in the lyrical manner of Robert Browning, and called "Any Poet to Any Stockbroker" has been awarded to Oscar O'Kelleigh of Pittsburgh, Kansas.

ANY POET TO ANY STOCKBROKER

YOU would have understood, that other day,
That jonquil time, when she withdrew her hand
From his and slipped it, in her freest way,
(Quite choicely, too) in yours. Then, you could stand
And draw the earth as near as love: no cowl
To chafe, nor soil-divorcing soles to strew
The sands with forward-panting tracks. Why scowl?

How do I know? How know what all men know
Who feel their kingdom bounded in the boy?
Ah, now you hear the traffic's rising roar
Recalling the sea—mimic of our toy—
You shake from your head the care, change its bore
For past, and mumble something bland about
This may have value: It will get no end
Of attention when my last fighting shout
Rends the market. You don't comprehend?

The ticker? yes, is beautiful,—lacquer
Does hide the sullen steel; and that calm brass
Recalls the tone-throbs on lucid water;
The tape flows like the soft May days that pass
To summer. And that crystal globe on top
Points, like necromancy, to future takes.
You have no time for trifles? Then I'll stop;
Your time's valuable, and my head aches.
Yet, one thing more I'd know: does time still buy

On margin? No matter. But this ticker,—
For years on end you've gazed on it; then why
Since I see it—own it—be a sticker
At its side? Enough, you will pardon me:
The devil has the saner, quiet way,
More sure than mine; (What's his was meant to be.)
Besides, the street is flecked with earth today.

"There may be heaven; there must be hell;
Meantime there is our earth here—well."

OSCAR O'KELLEIGH.

Although the average level of the entries was high, no single entry really sustained the parody throughout. Thus it was very difficult to choose the winning poem. I paused for two days between Elizabeth Humphreys, Matylee Fehrmann, Homer Parsons, Corinne Swain, and Oscar O'Kelleigh who, finally, won. But these names by no means exhaust those that deserve honorable mention. Marshall M. Brice, C. H. Moody, W. M. Hall, H. J. Bowman, O. R. H. Thompson, Howard Donnelly, John A. L. Odde, and the excellent Ignoto must be added to the list. Each and all of these recaptured something of Browning's manner and some displayed real originality.

In general, competitors forgot to imitate Browning's tolerance. I disqualified everybody who made the poet treat his stockbroker with ready-made contempt. Browning would never have damned a man merely on the score of his profession. Elizabeth Humphreys went to the other extreme in a parody which would have taken the prize but for its too "poetic" third stanza which included an uncharacteristic reference to "My lady moon." But parts of her poem, like parts of the curate's egg, were good.

For you do Dividends
Laugh? Weep? Now foes, now friends?
Your day brings shares of Life before its close?
Then, what if fierce intent
Of figures nothing meant
To me, your Music being but my Prose?

Matylee Fehrmann made up in manner what she lacked in substance.

Cursed be the ticker you cling to,
(Heeding nor curfew nor cock-crow)
Whilst there are high gods to cling to.
(Why is Parnassian stock low?)
O what a mirage and mock-glow
Leads you astray when your soul you should bring to
Zeus, and your shekels the Windy Four fling to!
Blessed be gods'—pulses that beat on,
Pumping up eichor the long-day,
Turning all Phæton's heat on,
Into the Zodiac's gangway.
O what a sunrise a song may
Create! E'en songlets, their iambic feet on,
Olympus may mount, may nibble of, bleat on!

It was particularly difficult to choose between this piece of mocking parody and the less superficially arresting lines of the winner, the more so because Mr. O'Kelleigh clouded Browning's lyric manner with the manner of his romantic monologues and more than once tripped up in his rhythm.

Homer Parsons, Corinne Swain, and Marshall Brice wrote burlesque rather than parody. Mrs. Swain was the cleverest and her stanzas (or some of them) we hope to find room for on a later occasion. M. E. Bellinger, and Jean Waterbury also merit praise.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

HAPPY DAYS. By *Capt. Alban B. Butler, Jr.* Coward-McCann.

A POT OF PAINT. By *John Rothenstein.* Covici-Friede. $3.50.

EVOLUTION OF ART. By *Ruth de Rochemont.* Macmillan. $6.

THE GOTHIC REVIVAL. By *Kenneth Clark.* Scribners. $6.

ART IN ANCIENT ROME. By *Eugénie Strong.* Scribners. 2 vols. $5.

Belles Lettres

THE STRUCTURE OF THE NOVEL. By EDWIN MUIR. Harcourt, Brace. 1929. $1.25.

Mr. Edwin Muir separates prose fiction into three main divisions, the character novel, the dramatic novel, and the chronicle; and proceeding from examples, he derives certain generalizations about each division. Though at first he leads the argument gently, the conclusions quickly become abstract. The first result is that "the dramatic novel is an image of modes of experience, the character novel a picture of modes of existence." So far it is uncalled for to disagree with Mr. Muir's exposition; but the subsequent thesis, that the imaginative world of the dramatic novel is in Time, and the imaginative world of the character novel is in Space, introduces a difficulty which perhaps overshadows the advantage of this description. Time and Space are troublesome words, and insensibly they encourage Mr. Muir to employ other words which are troublesome, until we are puzzled to know whether we are being handed good coin or bad. There is probably acute discrimination in the later chapters; but we long for homely descriptive phrases, which might convey the distinctions adequately. The pseudo-scientific terminology has a suggestion of the grandiose. If a *récit* is the same as a yarn, let us call it that; if it is not the same as a yarn, we could get at it more quickly, and without feeling we were highbrows, by being told the difference.

In the middle of the book we have to struggle through unaided to the conception that by "period novel" is meant something close to good (or bad) reporting, and find out, on the next to the last page, that we are right. But our complaint remains that we have been given the conclusions before the clues; and there lingers a feeling, which we should have liked to have dissipated, that the novel is hardly yet a subject for criticism, in the sense that the drama and the various forms of poetry are subjects. That may be the fault of the novel, of ourselves, or of Mr. Muir.

THE REDISCOVERY OF AMERICA. By *Waldo Frank.* Scribners. $3.

Biography

KING HENRY THE RAKE (Henry VIII and his Women). By CLEMENT WOOD. Stratford. 1928. $3.50.

This book pretends to be history. There is some basis of fact in it; the author has dug up in the literature of the time all the coarseness and indecency that he could find, and with a vivid imagination has added details. He can write in a way to give those details all their value. To what base uses may history descend. This book will doubtless be banned in Boston where it is published and thus secure a considerable success. It deserves a place easily in libraries of erotica.

THE LOST ART. Letters of Seven Famous Women. Edited by DOROTHY VAN DOREN. Coward-McCann. 1929. $3.

Is letter-writing a lost art? Typewriters, telegraphs, telephones, and a "machine age" might explain the loss, but they do not prove it. One seems to remember reading many letters, long, interesting, unhurried, written within the last twenty-five years, published and unpublished. Are not the Walter Raleigh and the Walter Page letters good of their kinds? Mrs. Van Doren refers to the common assumption that the art is lost, and cautiously supposes there is something in it. But is not the "machine age" in itself and in its inferences something of a myth, and the idea that no one any longer writes himself into private letters, another and derivative myth, not based on any substantial evidence? If one uses a typewriter as automatically as a pen, he writes as personally, except for the penmanship, which disappears in print anyway. If he dictates, it may be nearer his talk than his writing is. The number of persons who habitually telegraph instead of writing must be negligible.

The seven women Mrs. Van Doren selects for her demonstration are Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Abigail Adams, Mary Wollstonecraft, Jane Austen, Jane Welsh Carlyle, Margaret Fuller, and Charlotte Brontë.

Lady Mary's letters are perhaps the best of the group presented, especially the one of her later years written from Italy to her daughter; Abigail Adams's are affectionate missives to John, though the most interesting is one from Paris to her sister; Mary Woolstonecraft's are passionate and sad letters to Imlay, the lover who deserted her; Jane Austen's are lively domestic gossip; Jane Carlyle's are all to Carlyle, and their character is already widely known.

Mrs. Van Doren remarks that with all Mrs. Carlyle's brilliancy and charm she never disciplined herself to literary labor, although Carlyle urged her to do so. "She complained because she was only the wife of a genius, she did not take the trouble to be more." But one feels that there was something like genius in her.

Margaret Fuller's letters are interesting but not extraordinary. It was her talk that was extraordinary, and her talk is lost. Charlotte Brontë's are the most curious. They are so serious and so queer; the first letter, to Miss Russey, advises for all girls a cool, sensible, unromantic marriage. She thinks no woman should begin to love until "the first half year of her wedded life has passed away—and then with great precaution, very coolly, very moderately, very rationally." The second letter explains that she did not know that Thackeray's domestic situation was something like Rochester's in "Jane Eyre," and regrets the coincidence.

All these women, Mrs. Van Doren points out, had some traits in common, "they all had a genius for living" and a terrible energy. They were all courageous, fond, wise, proud, egotistical, and impatient of dulness; finally, they were all articulate, and somehow interesting.

THE LIFE OF LORD PAUNCEFOTE. By *R. B. Mowat.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

MEMORIES OF THE OLD EMIGRANT DAYS IN KANSAS. By *Mrs. Orsen.* Harpers. $3.50.

FAMOUS COMPOSERS. By *Nathan Haskell Dole.* Crowell. $3.75.

TWELVE BAD MEN. By *Sidney Dark.* Crowell.

PORTRAIT OF AMBROSE BIERCE. By *Adolphe de Castro.* Century. $3.50.

PILLORIED! By *Sewell Stokes.* Appleton. $2.50.

STEALING THROUGH LIFE. By *Ernest Booth.* Knopf. $3.

AMERICA'S AMBASSADORS TO ENGLAND. By *Beckles Willson.* Stokes. $5.

RANDOM THOUGHTS OF A MAN OF FIFTY. By *John Harsen Rhoades.* Knickerbocker Press.

THE DIARY OF TOLSTOY'S WIFE. Translated by *Alexander Werth.* Payson & Clarke. $3.50.

Economics

THE RETURN TO LAISSER FAIRE. By *Ernest J. P. Benn.* Appleton.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES. By *Norman J. Ware.* Appleton. $3.

OUR ECONOMIC MORALITY. By *Harry F. Ward.* Macmillan. $2.50.

ECONOMIC EFFECTS OF PUBLIC DEBTS. By *Shutaro Mataushita.* Columbia University Press. $3.

Education

TRAINING CHILDREN. By *William H. Pyle* Century. $2.25.

PLAIN PROSE. By *W. E. Williams.* Longmans, Green. $1.75.

INCENTIVES TO STUDY. By *Albert Beecher Crawford.* Yale University Press. $5.

CREDIT AND COLLECTION CORRESPONDENCE. By *James H. Picken.* Shaw.

Fiction

THE SINGING GOLD. By DOROTHY COTTRELL. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $2.50.

It was a pretty fancy about the golden song of the larks which gave this book its title; and fancy, pretty and odd, is present throughout the whole volume. In the wilds of Australia a girl child is born into a family running over with boys, and she grows to womanhood, chumming with them and with all the children of the outdoors. She weds with one "Dickie," an odd, attractive little man seemingly drawn from imagination, although his pose is unaffected. There is a pretty story of their domestic experiences, of hardships bravely borne, of unconscious heroisms on the part of the un-

(*Continued on next page*)

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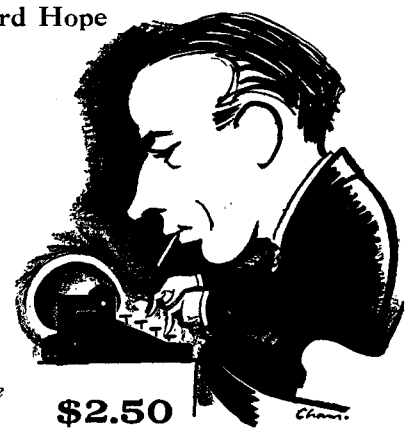

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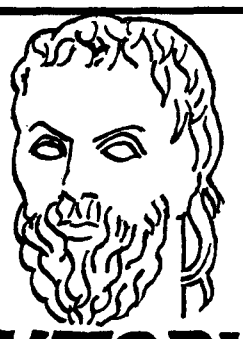

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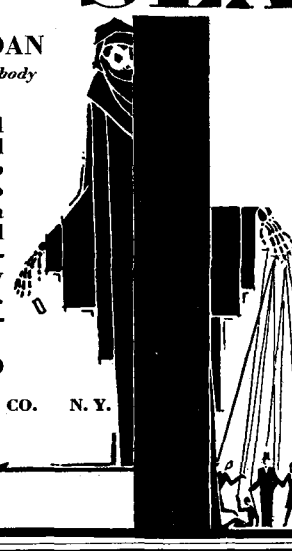

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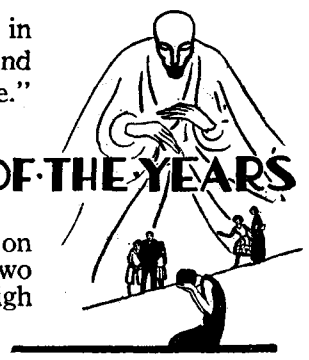

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

usual little man, who is winning in the extreme.

Modern in tone, the book is written in an old-fashioned way; with ease and leisure, as though its author, while recognizing the strife and madness created by the world war, remained untouched by it. She seems to see it through the haze of family and personal life, and consequently there is an atmosphere of peace and naturalness throughout the book which makes it quietly enjoyable.

A SELF-MADE THIEF. By HULBERT FOOTNER. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

This is the story of a once upright New York lawyer who plunges suddenly into a life of crime and vice which leads ultimately to his destruction. He rashly bets three other men that he can accomplish alone a single act of daring bank banditry and escape detection. After winning his wager, the thrill of the escapade lures him on into committing similar crimes, the while he outwardly maintains his accustomed respectability, though he is actually sinking deeper and deeper into the ways of the underworld. He experiments with heroin, and is soon its victim, a completely unbalanced creature who murders two of his confederates and then in crazed bravado divulges the truth of the harrowing misdeeds the guilt for which no one hitherto had dreamed of laying to him. This seems to us a better story than those Mr. Footner has published in the past year or two.

WAR PAINT. By DANE COOLIDGE. Dutton. 1929. $2.

The period of this turbulent "Western" is that of the vanished days when New Mexico, then a territory, was the scene of constant strife between lawlessness and order. Its action centers in the war waged by despoiled horse and cattle ranchers upon powerfully organized bands of rustlers which threatened to bring ruin to the honest industries of the county. A stranger from Texas, one Curly Wells, on the trail of his own stolen horses, joins the aroused citizenry and is conspicuously valiant in the work of exterminating the outlaws. The story is an almost continuous round of gun-fights, broken occasionally by gentler interludes wherein Curly loves and courts a frontier damsel.

THE LEADING MAN. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. Putnam. 1929. $2.

Valentine Godden is one of those inexplicable sons whom the country squires of fiction not infrequently produce. Family pride found his unstable temperament accounted for by a flighty grandmother. After an indifferent career at school and in the army, he finds his true career on the stage. Valentine has always been conscious of playing a part; he has always known that what others on occasion thought his wit or his bravery was but cowardice beautifully conquered by the fact of an audience. Consequently, he is as fully himself when acting behind the footlights as he is with his friends in his rooms. When he goes to war he is a hero before his men and a weakling as soon as he is alone.

His love affairs are influenced by this peculiarity of his to less advantage. With both Doris and Sally he offers marriage when the occasion demands it, although he is actually faithful in his heart to his first sweetheart who jilted him when he gave up an army career. Fortunately he meets her again and wins her back and is able for the first time to reveal himself candidly to another.

The "leading man" is a charming personality, although he often seems stupid and cannot interest more than mildly. It is better not to analyze him too carefully and so not risk impatience with an easy-flowing narrative which creates atmosphere with more skill than it does characters.

GO AS YOU PLEASE. By OWEN ARCHER. Stokes. 1929. $2.

This novel is written earnestly about an earnest heroine. Joan Karslake's sense of values is instinctively sound, but it is displayed without much humor and with an adolescent disdain for compromise. She is indeed a strangely serious child for two such irresponsible parents as are hers. When she is sent along the "go as you please" route, silently by her mother, directly by her father, she goes up to London to live with her brother. Here, disgusted with the code of his friends, she falls into a friendship with Martin Osborne, who shares her opinion of the modern generation. What is more, she marries Martin, only to discover that he is mentally deranged as a result of shell wounds. From the day of their marriage he domineers utterly over her and with fanatic cruelty. Joan suddenly realizes that she loves the childhood playmate who has been devoted to her always and frees herself from this intolerable alliance.

One is rather inclined to attribute Joan's difficulties to her own lack of imagination and immaturity. She is certainly not the character to whom Mr. Archer can safely entrust the burden of his argument. For this reason, despite his sincerity, the obvious constructive intent of the book is not successful.

THE LIVING ALIBI: A MYSTERY NOVEL. By SELDON TRUSS. Coward-McCann, Inc. 1929. $2.

Let Mr. Edgar Wallace look to his laurels! If the new writer introduced by "The Living Alibi" cannot beat him at his own formula, at least their work is indistinguishable. Mr. Truss knows all the tricks. In his book, exactly as promised in the advertisements, disappearance follows disappearance, murder follows murder, and a master mind directs whole armies of alien criminals, and manipulates the most fiendishly ingenious of scientific devices in a desperate attempt upon the crown jewels and the reader's peace of mind. The modern English thriller of this type seems to be written with both eyes fixed firmly on the movie serial rights. As long as events move with breath-taking rapidity, and the pursuits, escapes, catastrophes, and reversals of situation are sufficiently spectacular, one may sacrifice not only the shadow of probability and the slightest consistency of characterization, but even that thread of logical sequence of cause and effect upon which the detective story, properly speaking, depends. Often amid the excitement of the final scenes, the initial complications are overlooked entirely. That is not quite true of the present exemplar, but when one does come to the dénouement, the presence of the figure with whose plausibly described abduction the book opens is a genuine surprise. One has been through so much that one had forgotten all about him.

THE HOUSE OF THE THREE GANDERS. By IRVING BACHELLER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.

Irving Bacheller has carried the present popular form of fiction, the mystery story, to his own ever-popular milieu, the small American village. The village's name, in this case, is Amity Dam, and the villagers are known as Amity Dammers. Almost anything might happen under such names, and almost everything does, including a complicated murder mystery which "The House of the Three Ganders" unravels very pleasantly and efficiently, taking time during the process for the introduction of numerous salty characters, for which Mr. Bacheller has long been famous. There is young Shad Morryson, an unhappy runaway boy who falls in with great kindliness at Amity Dam and enjoys boy-heart-warming success as an amateur detective. There is Bony Squares, Shad's young friend who calls the street where tombstones are made "Angel Alley," the Sunday meeting-house "The Sob Works," and other equally worthy things equally irreverent names. And there is, above all, old Bumpy Brown, a wooden-legged veteran of the Civil War, who prepares in his little cabin such meals as halt the story with their succulence, whose favorite oath is "By Jeedix," whose perennial tale-piece sentence is "And there lay round upon the ground great heaps of so'jers," and who utters most of the pithy remarks on life of the kind that made "Eben Holden" quoted from New England to Oregon.

ORIENTALE. By FRANCIS DE MIOMANDRE. Translated by RALPH ROEDER. Brentano's. 1928.

This is a novel of atmospheres, of the airless atmosphere of the French shabby-genteel household, and the heavy, luxurious atmosphere of China. The relationships are subtly drawn. There is a skilful irony in the presentation of the Chinese lodger, polite and alien, so remote that the family regard him no more than a cat in their talk, while we wise spectators suspect him of being capable of more than he shows. This same exoticism, in another Chinese to whom we are introduced, becomes the strongest element of his fascination for the Frenchwoman—a delicate study in the unlikeness of like things. The first appears to have no importance, because he is Chinese, the second to have all the golden richness of the East—because he is Chinese. In the end we are flattered by finding that the first, the self-effacing lodger, was, as we thought, by no means so negligible or unimpassioned as he seemed. The atmospheres are caught, and the passions recorded, with a remarkable quietness and economy.

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ROGUES IN CLOVER. By PERCIVAL WILDE. Appleton. 1929. $2.

This story of a reformed card sharp's campaign against followers of his old calling is highly entertaining and refreshing. During his six years of outwitting the unwary, Bill had mastered and practised every trick of the trade so that when he turns against his former competitors they are at his mercy. His method is to be introduced casually into a game suspected of containing one or more dishonest players, and then, by expert observation, to lay bare the cheats. Bill's special forte is poker, but he is equally skilful at detecting hanky-panky in roulette, faro, and even casino, but bridge, old maid, and slap jack do not seem to come within the range of his talents. The book begins heavily with the repentant, prodigal Bill's return to his father's home, but quickly drops its solemn air and keeps thereafter to a note of comedy.

A SEARCH FOR AMERICA. By FREDERICK PHILLIP GROVE. Carrier. 1928. $3.50.

Mr. Grove's search was somewhat thrust upon him in the beginning, but it ended by being most comprehensive, and the picture he presents is drawn from a double perspective. The Old World peers at the New, and society's upper crust takes a long look at what lies under that crust.

The author, born of cultured British-Scandinavian parents, found himself left at twenty-one with a literary and artistic education and very little else. Feeling that genteel poverty was his almost inevitable future in Europe he came to America as an immigrant. His struggle to adjust himself in a material way makes interesting reading. He is by turn a waiter, a book-agent, a factory worker, a hobo, and a harvest hand. The difficulties he experienced in arriving at an understanding of the attitude of mind which he found on this side of the Atlantic are a clear illustration of how definitely the American spirit was an accomplished fact even thirty years ago. In the end he rejects it and goes to Canada, where he has lived since. Mr. Grove's gift for narration will divert even those readers who resent his sometimes drawing conclusions from a view of only one side of the picture.

THE BEST EUROPEAN SHORT STORIES OF 1928. Edited by *Richard Eaton*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.
THE SEVEN DIALS MYSTERY. By *Agatha Christie*. Dodd, Mead. $2.
DARK STAR. By *Lorna Moon*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.
QUEEN OF NINEVEH. By *Algernon Crofton*. Covici-Friede. $2.50.
THE PLUNGER. By *E. J. Dies*. Covici-Friede. $3.
THE SCARLET THUMB. By *Jermyn March*. Henkle. $2.
JUDITH SILVER. By *Hector Bolitho*. Knopf. $2.50.
DAYS IN THE SUN. By *Martin Anderson Nexö*. Coward-McCann. $3.
PALE WARRIORS. By *David Hamilton*. Scribners. $2.50.
LIVES AND DEATH OF ROLAND GREER. By *Richard Pyke*. A. & C. Boni. $2.50.
A DUCHESS AND HER DAUGHTER. By *Alfred Bishop Mason*. A. & C. Boni. $2.50.
THE LOVE CLINIC. By *Maurice Dekobra*. Payson & Clarke. $2.50.
THE LADY OF THE LOTUS. By *Ahmadul-Umari*. Oxford University Press.
THE CURIOUS LOTTERY. By *Walter Duranty*. Coward-McCann. $2.50.
DODSWORTH. By *Sinclair Lewis*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
BARBARIAN. By *Dickson Skinner*. Appleton. $2.
BLACK GOLD. By *Robert McBlair*. Appleton. $2.
PROTESTANTISM IN THE UNITED STATES. By *Archer B. Bass*. Crowell. $3.
ROSE THE DANCER. By *Winifred Carter*. Crowell. $2.
THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS. By *Ellery H. Clark*. Crowell. $2.
THE GAMBLER. By *Aylwin Martin*. Crowell. $2.
DYNASTY. By *Clarence Budington Kellard*. Harpers. $2.
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ONE BY ONE. By *Moray Dalton*. Harpers. $2.
ALL IN A DAY. By *Martin Armstrong*. Harpers. $2.50.
THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA. By *Elizabeth Jordan*. Century. $2.
THE HAMMER OF DOOM. By *Frances Everton*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.
SUMMER FRUIT. By *Dornford Yates*. Minton, Balch. $2.50.
KIF. By *Gordon Daviot*. Appleton. $2.50.
SALAD DAYS. By *Theodora Benson*. Harpers.
PALE WARRIORS. By *David Hamilton*. Scribners. $2.50.
THE BURNING FOUNTAIN. By *Eleanor Carroll Chilton*. Day.
EASILY PERSUADED. By *Elizabeth Deane*. Liveright. $2.

Juvenile

(The Children's Bookshop will appear next week)

Miscellaneous

THE STORY OF ENGINEERING IN AMERICA. By CHELSEA FRASER. Crowell. 1929. $2.50 net.

Here is a most interesting chronicle, presented in a style which will appeal to the young lad and also to his father. In the first chapter, entitled "The Engineer and His Work," the author briefly traces the development of engineering from its earliest days to its present specialized participation in modern civilization. After giving a very appropriate answer to the question: "How is it that so many American engineers gain distinction while still comparatively young, say, under fifty?" he says, "Engineers are the most optimistic, persevering class of workers in the whole universe. There is no problem presented to them that they will not tackle. What is more, they seldom fail to accomplish their ends, even under the most discouraging circumstances. The job may require a year, ten years, or even twenty."

How the old trails were expanded and developed into great modern highways as civilization advanced is followed by the story of our amazing accomplishments with railroads, bridges, tunnels, and subways. In beginning the chapter on dams and reservoirs the author describes his experiences when accompanying a group of Boy Scouts on an overnight hike. "Our boys wanted a place deep enough and wide enough to swim in, but the stream was both too shallow and too narrow. . . . So they went to work and the dam was soon built out of logs, boulders, brush, and sod." Lessons about strength, levels to which the water must back up, run off, spillways, and reservoirs were soon learned and "it was the best swimming hole any of us had ever used."

No volume of this size can contain the entire story of engineering in America. Wonderful developments in the fields of mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, and chemical engineering have been omitted, as well as all those remarkable achievements in industrial plant design and operation which include problems of organization as well as of invention and design. The industrial worker in this country today has about six times as much horsepower at his disposal as his European rival.

COLLECTING ANTIQUES. By W. G. MENZIES. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $5.

This is at once a beautiful book, a maddening book, and (for some collectors) a valuable book. To take the last attribute first, the lists of furniture makers, potters, line engravers, and artists, the various glossaries, all are excellent for consultation. But here a difficulty—and this points to its qualities of high provocation—is that its very size prevents it from being anything but a library volume; it never could be classified as a handy *vade mecum*, the sort of general collecting book that the average gatherer in of antiques packs in his trunk before he sets out to forage in English and Continental markets. This is a fault very easily forgiven to a compendious tome on one subject, which moves from shelf to table and rarely ventures farther; witness Mr. Luke Vincent Lockwood's "Colonial Furniture," a scholarly study of a single theme which makes it invaluable to the student of Americana.

Mr. Menzies's reach is too high, stretching as it does from English furniture (oak, walnut, and mahogany) to the intricacies of French *ameublement;* dealing with British and Continental porcelains and potteries; considering painters of the Dutch, Flemish, French, Spanish, Italian, and English schools; devoting pages to mezzotints, etchings, woodcuts, and all the rest. It too far exceeds the grasp of the average collector; in a few contradictory, plagiarized words it is not what the everyday amateur's heaven is for. It is too diverse to be completely useful; half a dozen more practical collecting volumes could have been made out of the material of which Mr. Menzies is very evidently a master. All this is emphasized since the Preface speaks of "Collecting Antiques" as a beginner's book, a thing it most assuredly is not.

The writer, however, has no criticism at all of the magnificence of the examples that are shown; these stand as criterions of taste —and of the luck that might happen to anybody. Watteau's famous "Gilles" was picked up at the Paris Ham Fair for twenty dollars; recently an English friend at a rural sale bought a Poussin for seven pounds, and, just the other day, a fine Louis Seize bed was bid in for six francs (plus

(Continued on next page)

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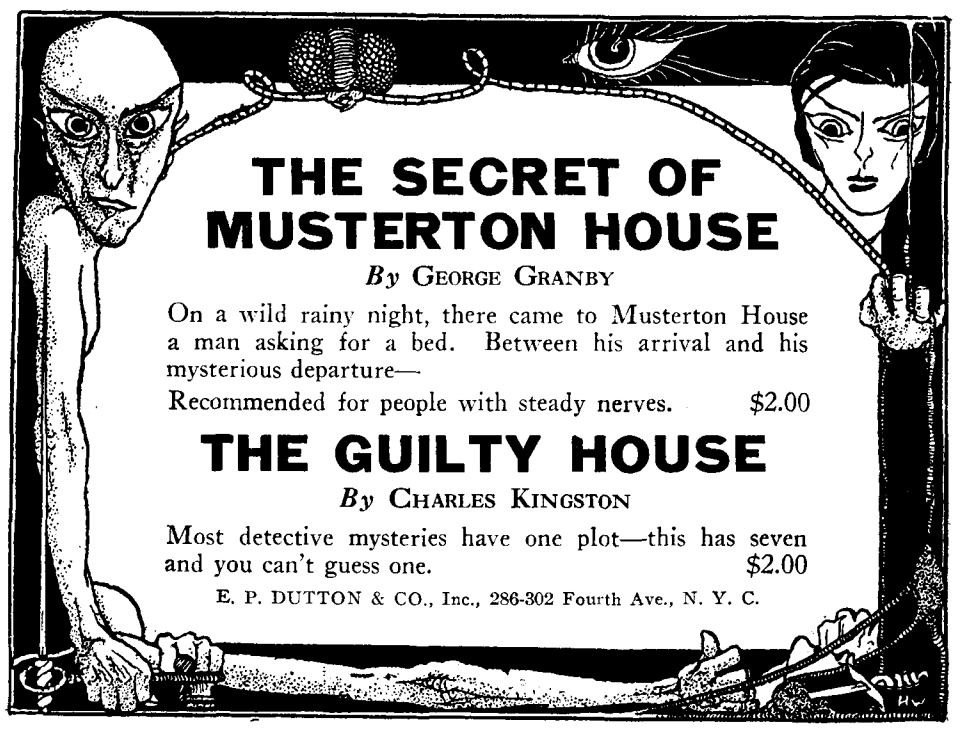

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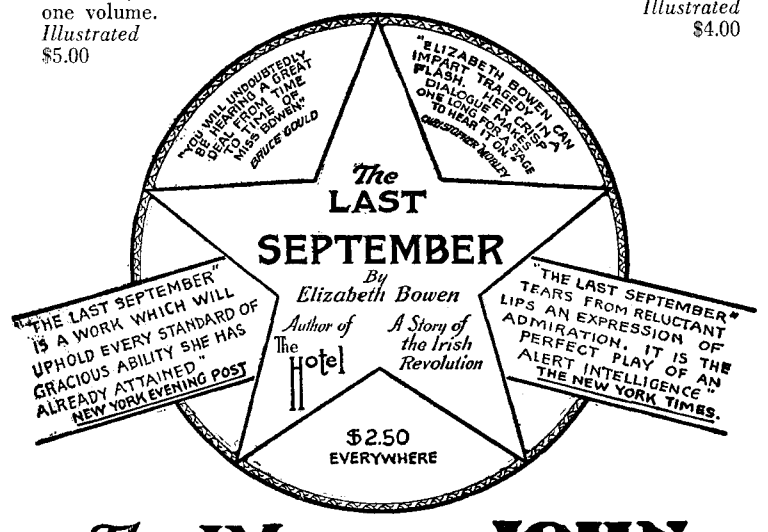
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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the eighty-five centimes tax) at the end of an apathetic afternoon at the Hôtel Druot. The moral, therefore, is "Train your taste, and then you'll be ready for gorgeous bargains when they come your way. Mr. Menzies's illustrations leave nothing to be desired in this particular high virtue; they are very beautiful, very beckoning; the text, too, is readable enough, though lacking the brilliance of Litchfield's style, or the easy "chattiness" of Mr. Hayden's books. The chapters on the different Ages—Oak, Walnut, and Mahogany, will be both interesting and instructive for American collectors, and, since English porcelains and potteries are fast becoming such a vogue in this country, readers here will find the various lists of marks and makers fruitful in information.

THE SALT-BOX HOUSE. By *Jane De Forest Shelton.* Scribners. $2.

HEALTH AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION. By *A. F. Myers* and *O. C. Bird.* Doubleday, Doran. $1.50.

YOUR EYES AND THEIR CARE. By *Edgar S. Thomson.* Appleton. $1.50.

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL SPEAKING. By *William P. Sandford* and *Willard H. Yeager.* Shaw.

THE NEW CITIZENSHIP. By *Seba Eldridge.* Crowell. $2.50.

ESSAY BACKGROUNDS FOR WRITING AND SPEAKING. By *Anthony Faulkner Blanks.* Scribners. $2.

PERSUASIVE SPEAKING. By *John A. McGee.* Scribners. $1.60.

LESSONS IN FINANCE. By *James Arthur Dupre.* Meador. $1.50.

PRACTICAL SPEECH-MAKING. By *E. D. Shurter* and *C. A. Marsh.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

THE VILLAS OF PLINY. By *Geoffrey Bret Harte.* Houghton Mifflin. $7.50.

THREE NORMANDY INNS. By *Anna Bowman Dodd.* Putnam. $4.50.

THE MILLIGAN CASE. Edited by *Samuel Klaus.* Knopf. $5.

THE STORY OF SUPERSTITION. By *Philip F. Waterman.* Knopf. $3.50.

THE BOOKMAN'S MANUAL. By *Bessie Graham.* Bowker. $4.

BANKERS BALANCES. By *Leonard L. Watkins.* Shaw.

MORE FAMOUS TRIALS. By the *Earl of Birkenhead.* Doubleday, Doran. $4 net.

NEWSPAPER REPORTING OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS. By *Chilton Powlette Bush.* Appleton. $3.

THE QUACKS OF OLD LONDON. By *C. J. S. Thompson.* Lippincott. $4.

DIABETES AND ITS TREATMENT. By *Frederick M. Allen.* Funk & Wagnalls.

WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT EYES. By *F. Park Lewis.* Funk & Wagnalls.

CARE OF THE MOUTH AND TEETH. By *Harvey J. Burkhart, D.D.S.* Funk & Wagnalls.

A BALZAC BIBLIOGRAPHY. By *William Hobart Royce.* University of Chicago Press. $5.

THE DELPHIC MAXIMS IN LITERATURE. By *Eliza Gregory Wilkins.* University of Chicago Press. $3.

TRAINING FOR GROUP EXPERIENCE. Recorded by *Alfred Dwight Sheffield.* Inquiry, 129 East 52nd Street, New York.

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE. By *I. David Cohen.* Century. $3.

DICTIONARY TO THE PLAYS AND NOVELS OF BERNARD SHAW. By *C. L.* and *V. M. Broad.* Macmillan. $4.

THE GOSPEL MESSAGE IN GREAT PICTURES. By *James Carter.* Funk & Wagnalls. $2.

Sociology

THE CHALLENGE OF THE AGED. By ABRAHAM EPSTEIN. Macy-Masius: The Vanguard Press. 1929. $3.

The social problem is, apparently, a vicious circle. Reform on one front tends to throw another out of alignment at another point. In Mr. Epstein's book we are told, for example, that medicine and improved environmental conditions have indubitably increased the span of life; but this very improvement, an increase in the period of life from forty to fifty-eight years since 1855, has accentuated the problem of old age. The cityward drift, speeding-up processes in industry, and even laws to safeguard the interests of the worker, all tend toward elimination of the aged from profitable employment.

Mr. Epstein's book is an eloquent plea on behalf of those who are neglected because of their years. He presents facts which are seemingly irrefutable, and he deduces from these facts unanswerable arguments on the side of old-age insurance. It is one of the curious anomalies of social history that the United States, the wealthiest and presumably the most advanced of industrial nations, is also the tardiest of all in recognizing the plight of those who constitute industry's human scrap-heap. Seven of our states have old-age pension laws on the statute-books, but pensions are actually paid in but two. On the other hand, "there is hardly a European nation which lacks a comprehensive plan of social insurance or pensions." Mr. Epstein shames us with his facts, but he does more: he points the way toward solutions. This is one of those rare books which one would like to see placed upon the required reading-list of all prospective legislators. Our industrial executives will probably neglect it, since they seldom go toward social reform face-front. Consequently, if its mission is to be fulfilled, it will need to be read by those socially-minded citizens who persist in viewing industry in human rather than stock-market terms.

Brief Mention

NECESSITY makes strange bedfellows, whether that necessity arises from the exigencies of political office, economic stringency, or merely the incompressibility of type. Therefore we bring into one column such disparate volumes as a collection of humorous stories by Irvin Cobb, an anthology of selections from the writings of the Church Fathers, and an account of the forming of the association for the preservation of Mount Vernon. The last-named work, entitled "Mount Vernon on the Potomac" (Macmillan: $4), is a chronicle of the efforts made by Ann Pamela Cunningham to unite the women of the South in an organization for the purchase and maintenance of the home of the first President. It is told by Grace King, who introduces into her record letters and quotation that incidentally cast light upon personalities and events of the years in which the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association was forming. The book has little interest for the general public, but should have some appeal for the patriotic women who are making themselves responsible for keeping in condition one of the shrines of the nation. Likewise of limited scope, but a volume beautiful in its typographical dress and in its lavish array of pictures, is Gertrude Whiting's "Tools and Toys of Stitchery" (Columbia University Press: $10). Miss Whiting, beginning in lively vein with an interesting chapter on the beeswax that is used in needlework, continues in more matter-of-fact fashion to describe the other implements used in stichery, presenting at the same time considerable detail bearing on the articles sewn as well as the tools employed for their manufacture. Tucked away into more specialized information is considerable spicy comment.

A work of far more general interest is the translation (the first to be made into English), by Eileen Power, of "The Goodman of Paris" (Harcourt, Brace), a treatise on moral and domestic economy by a Citizen of Paris. This fascinating book was composed about 1393, by a wealthy member of the *haute bourgeoisie* for the instruction of his young wife. It is in three sections, the first dealing with religious and moral duties, the second with household management, and the third presenting a treatise on hawking. The entire volume is of exceeding interest, but the second, in especial, which sets forth the whole duty of woman as wife and housekeeper, and which is a portrayal of the manner of regulation of a well-ordered medieval household, makes entrancing reading. We recommend it to all who would gain an insight into a long-past age.

Another volume which should prove welcome in many a library is "Fathers of the Church" (Dutton), a selection which F. A. Wright has made from the writings of the Latin Fathers. An illuminating introduction and brief prefatory sketches of the Fathers from whose works extracts are presented add to the value of a book that has culled from writings generally regarded as forbidding matter of vivid interest. From the wisdom of the Church Fathers to the "Random Thoughts of a Man at Fifty" (Knickerbocker Press) is a leap indeed. Mr. John Harsen Rhoades, who in a book thus entitled presents "tips on life from a Wall Street Banker," has made a catch-all of his volume. In it are bits of verse, anecdotes usually pointing a moral, maxims and aphorisms, none of them of any particular orginality or force.

The last book on our list is good entertainment, a collection of humorous stories, by Irvin Cobb, gathered together under the title "Irvin Cobb at His Best" (Doubleday, Doran), all of which have previously seen publication in periodicals. Among them are "Speaking of Operations," a good-humored satire that will draw smiles from those securely beyond the suffering of the experiences about which it is built, "The Life of the Party," a gay and amusing tale, and "A Plea for Old Cap Collier," a clever argument in favor of the old-fashioned dime novel of the Nick Carter variety.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

J. H. B., Scranton, Pa., asks where to find information regarding the details and construction of the new bridges of New York?

ONE who wishes only the main data about bridges in New York City—size, cost, date, builder, etc.—will find them in most convenient form in our old friends the "Eagle Almanac" and the "World Almanac." He can get more in a paper by Dr. Alfred D. Flinn, entitled, "Engineering Activities and Achievements of New York City," in volume 76 of the Transactions of the American Society of Civil Engineers. For more than this he must follow each bridge through some engineering journal, such as *The Engineering News-Record.*

G. H. H., New Haven, Conn., asks for a list of the more prominent Negro writers of prose and poetry publishing within the last ten years: he is familiar only with the work of Countee Cullen.

I COULD give an offhand list that would include James Weldon Johnson ("God's Trombones"), Claude McKay ("Home to Harlem"), Langston Hughes ("Fine Clothes to the Jew"), William Stanley Braithwaite, the anthologist; W. E. B. DuBois ("Dark Water" and "The Dark Princess"), Walter White ("The Fire in the Flint"), Jessie Fauset ("There is Confusion" and "Plum Bun"), Jean Toomer ("Cane"), Eric Walrond ("Tropic Death"), Eulalie Spence, playwright ("The Fool's Errand"). But the recent contribution of colored writers to American literature has been too important for such summary treatment: I prefer to send this inquirer to a bibliography, "The Negro in Contemporary American Literature," by Elizabeth Lay Green, one of the admirable extension bulletins published at fifty cents apiece by the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, N. C. The editor says that the course outlined "has no sociological aim other than the sympathy coincident with any recognition of artistic attainment," and that she has prepared this material for study as "something native to the life of America, something vital and alive, part of our strength and tradition," to be cherished as such. Besides chapters on the writers I have just named, there are sections on plays and novels written by white authors such as Eugene O'Neill, Paul Green, Julia Peterkin, and Dubose Heyward. Appended is an excellent list of books, plays, and magazine articles bearing on the subject, and there is a valuable chapter on the documentation of the negro newspapers of this country. This is not a source book like "The New Negro" (Boni) but its references are so well chosen as to make it an excellent starting point for reading or study.

Since it appeared, Jessie Fauset's novel, "Plum Bun" (Stokes), has once more presented the case of the woman of color who "passes"; this time it gets the nearest to equable and well-poised treatment that it has yet received in fiction. That it should maintain an Olympian calm is too much to expect, or to desire, when the situation is itself so stormy, but it does keep its temper and thus give the story a chance of being judged for its human rather than for its social and craniological values. Two recent novels by white authors will no doubt appear in later editions of this list: Dubose Heyward's "Mamba's Daughters" (Doubleday, Doran), a sympathetic record of the social and cultural rise of three generations, and Julia Peterkin's brilliant "Scarlet Sister Mary" (Bobbs-Merrill).

C. E. W., Pittsburgh, Pa., has been kept by the critics from reading Dreiser until quite recently: then he took a look into "An American Tragedy"—and until he finished it, begrudged the time he had to give to other things. "I grant all I've read about his discursiveness. . . . but for all that I found the "Tragedy" one of the most impressive things I've ever read. Now, since I liked it so much, do you think I would like his other books? The question is asked in self-defense: I don't want to waste time being bored if I can dodge it." This is in a letter thanking me for having put him on the track of the "Life and Times of Anthony à Wood," the third volume of which he is just joyfully reading. I mention this to "place" him in regard to reading habits.

I ANSWER letters like this, as one reader to another, far more often than the files of this review would indicate. Indeed, I am replying to this in print only by way of lifting a corner of the curtain on the direct-mail activities of this department. People write to me so often for advice like this because I have no special authority for giving it and they no obligation for taking it.

I have never been bored by a Dreiser novel, though I have often left one unfinished. This was because my temper had become too upset at his method of dumping a cartload of building-material on an eligible site and calling it a house—a method that my temperament and training keeps me from admitting even to kinship with art. But I too read "An American Tragedy" with an absorption deep as my admiration; it may not be art and I may not like it, but I know what is alive. I was carried along, though with my feet dragging, by "The Genius," and by rereading "Sister Carrie." These are, then, the novels I suggest that this reader select, by which to discover if he be a predestined Dreiserite. Great numbers of readers are—but not, I fancy, many who find, as I do, a curious, cool pleasure in eighteenth-century English literature and French music. Or for that matter, those who sympathize with the judgment of the critic who "hefted" an unread manuscript; "Too many words."

THE inquirer about vibrations has already received help from two directions. *E. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.,* who is interested in theosophy "not as a devotee but as a diversion," suggests "The Textbook of Theosophy," by C. W. Leadbeater (Chicago, Theosophical Press, 826 Oakdale Avenue, 1925). "I have no doubt," this correspondent says, "that a letter to the Theosophical Press would bring a response with more pertinent suggestions than this, since the work is basic and does not deal solely with vibrations, but with the manner of their origin and their function in the life of a soul. The transition from one world to another and the reincarnation of the spirit all involve vibrations of many sorts, and from this standpoint the work is *likely* to prove a foundation for more advanced reading." And *R. M. N., Durham, N. C.,* says that for one interested in theosophic vibrations there is a novel dealing with those phenomena, called "Dread Dwelling," by Richard Crompton.

J. H. P., Tyler, Texas, asks for books or other references on South American art, music, and literature, and for several authoritative works on South American history.

"THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS," by Dawson (Putnam: 2 vols.), is considered one of the best general histories of South America in English, covering the period of the Wars of Independence. Among books suitable for class study on early Spanish exploration and settlement are the two large volumes of the "History of the New World Called America"—"The Discovery" and "Aboriginal America"—by Edward John Payne, published by the Oxford University Press; the second volume of three comprised in Roger Bigelow Merriman's "Rise of the Spanish Empire in the Old World and in the New" (Macmillan); and John Fiske's "The Discovery of America" (Houghton Mifflin). These, though of long standing, are in print; more recent publications include W. S. Robertson's "History of the Latin American Nations" (Appleton), J. Warshaw's "The New Latin America" (Crowell), which is historical and political; "Republics of South America," by James G. Herman (Harper), an account of their history, governments, and economic conditions. Clayton Sedgwick Cooper's "Understanding South America" (Doran) is intended to facilitate social and economic relations, matters which may also be made clear through a book by Tancredo Pinochet, "The Gulf of Misunderstanding; or North and South America as seen by Each Other" (Boni & Liveright, 1920). Other aspects of life are treated, as well as these, in chapter 8 of Samuel Guy Inman's "Problems in Pan-Americanism" (Doran).

The best source of information in English on the art and literature of South America is the Bulletin of the Pan American Union, published by this association at Washington, D. C. A list of articles that would be useful would be too long to print here, but the Pan-American Union answers questions on special points of interest, and back numbers may be obtained at 25 cents a copy. Coester's "Literary History of Spanish America" (Macmillan) was a pioneer work and makes a fine base of operations.

Spanish-American music is in the main that of Spain, which in turn bears evidences of strong Moorish influence. Italian, and to a lesser degree French, composers have also exercised an influence, and of late there has been a tendency to imitate the Germans.

What should the

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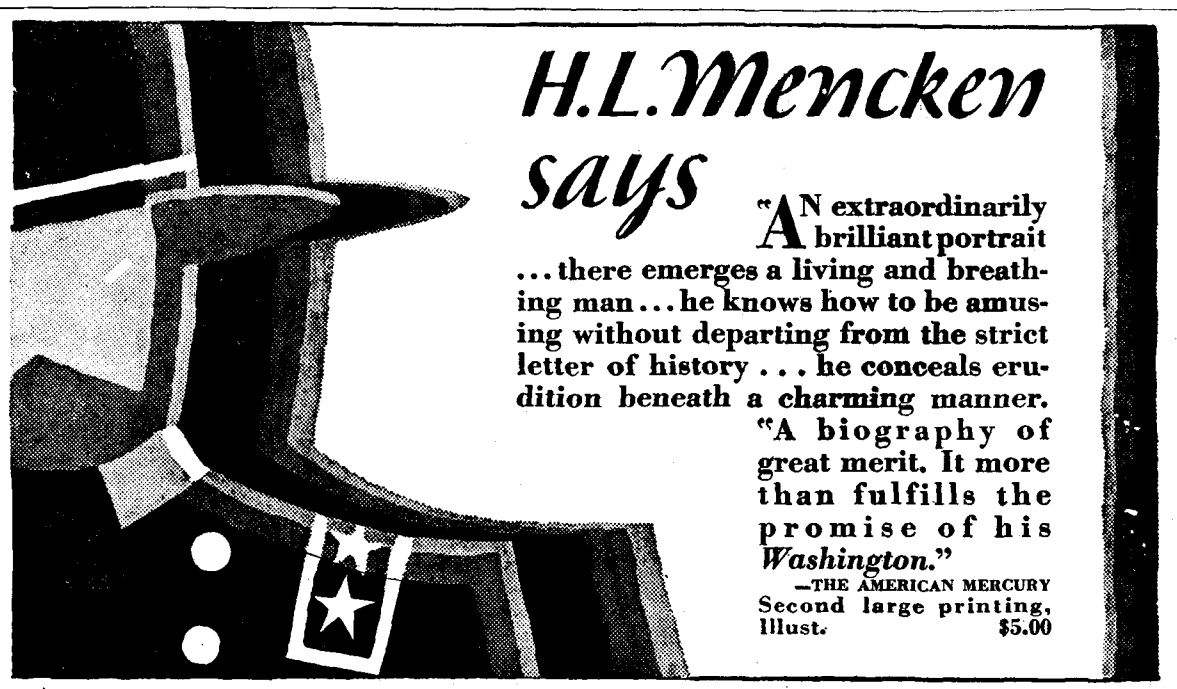

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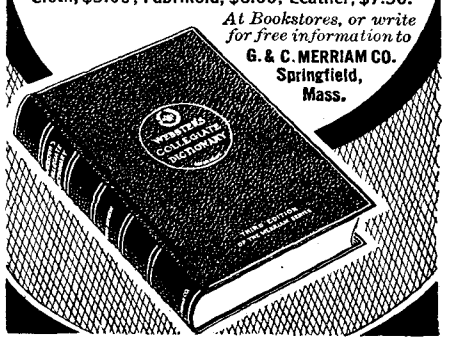

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The Amen Corner

". . . they prick'd their ears,
"Advanced their eye-lids, lifted up their noses
"As they smelt music."[1]

And well they might, when they visited the Oxford Press Library at 114 Fifth Avenue. We have never found books about music and musicians more delightfully informing than those found there with the Oxford imprint. Richard Aldrich's *Musical Discourse*[2] on Folk-songs in America, Jenny Lind and Barnum, the Modernizing of Bach, and an astonishing variety of other subjects hold us with their charm while we learn amusing and enlightening bits that are the products of a great scholarship. Mr. Deems Taylor in *The New York Times* says: "Reading it is like nothing so much as spending an evening with a congenial companion—a rare evening when the surroundings, the mood, the company and the conversation fall perfectly into their appointed relations." This book, like Harvey Grace's *A Musician at Large*,[3] is essentially for armchair reading. Through the pages of both flow good sense and a fine humor. Terry's *Bach*[4] immediately on publication was acclaimed the standard life of Bach in any language and the outstanding musical book of the year. As Terry is the greatest Bach scholar of our generation, the book can not fail to be accepted as the most authoritative on its subject. But to our utilitarian taste *The Oxford Book of Carols*[5] is favorite. Nature lovers will be glad to know that the sound of these old Lenten carols warms the hearts of snow birds.

Apropos of Lent we might mention Canon Malden's *Religion and the New Testament*,[6] which is timely, useful and interesting. The clergy would do well to base many sermons and lectures on its contents. But we especially commend the book to the laymen who wish to know the evidential value of the New Testament and the historic foundation upon which Christianity rests. We recall the same author's *Problems of the New Testament Today*,[7] which is equally stimulating. The stories of Genesis in the Old Testament have become more vivid to us since we read Woolley's *The Sumerians*.[8] The Sumerian Stories of Creation and the Flood passed into the legends of Babylonia and thence into the literature of the Hebrews. The clear, entertaining style that Mr. Woolley uses throughout this fascinating book will appeal to the general reader for whom the book was written.

The S. R. L. recently said of Singer's *A Short History of Medicine*[9] that "as a summary it is comparable with the compendiums of the ablest French epitomist." Dr. L. Clendening in the *New York Herald-Tribune* argued that it should be placed on the shelf of every library of any pretension beside the favored volume on general history (Wells's *Outline*) because it is the story of the men who have done more for the comfort, happiness and spiritual liberation of men and women than any number of reformers, treaties and councils so freely spread over those pages. We agreed so favorably with that estimate of values that we read the book. We were entertained with the quaint illustrations that are so numerous and impressed with this terse history of medical principles and method.

But all this talk of books suggests that we have not tramped about in the rain and wind these two weeks. Not so. No vagaries of weather can keep us away from the surprises that each street brings to him who walks. And then there is always the possibility of discovering another bookshop!

Although we tend to respect the privacy of our neighbor's religion, we of the bookish persuasion feel an inordinate delight when someone else decides to embrace a volume of our choice. It was with such pleasure that we talked with the charming manager of The Channel Bookshop on Park Avenue at 48th Street and discovered her enthusiasm for Madariaga's *Englishmen, Frenchmen and Spaniards*.[10] The publishers told me later that that shop had sold more copies of this clever, unique, psychological-travel book than any other book dealer in the country. We congratulate booksellers like this who in the midst of the overwhelming numbers of obvious books and "best sellers" have the courage of their affections and who recommend good books. Such booksellers win the support of the real book-buyer. The bookshop with the widest representation of books builds up the confidence, pride and support of its customers. For a booklover tires of the volumes that barely stand one reading. And their featherburdened advertising makes him cry out with Alonso *You cram these words into mine ears, against The stomach of my sense.*—The Oxonian.

(1) Works of Shakespeare, $2.25. (2) $3.00. (3) $2.50. (4) $7.50. (5) With music, $2.50; words ed. $2.00; miniature ed. $.65. (6) $2.50. (7) $2.20. (8) $2.50. (9) $3.00. (10) $3.75.

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A History of Two Hundred Years. By George Smith and Frank Benger. London: Ellis. 1928.

THIS bicentenary history of a distinguished firm of booksellers is, on the whole, a disappointment. A beautiful book physically, with especially fine illustrations and facsimiles, it promises at the outset to be so entirely fascinating that the reader is prepared to enjoy it. There is the trade card of John Brindley, the original owner of the shop, "Bookseller and Stationer at the King's Arms in New Bond Street, Bookbinder to Her Majesty and His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales," who "sells books in all languages, variety of novels, plays, etc. Also, all sorts of stationary wares, stampt-paper, bonds, cards, shop & pocket-books, etc., wholesale and retail. Likewise neatly binds books in all sorts of binding," and who gives "money for any library or parcel of books"—nothing could make a more interesting introduction. Brindley, however, after a genealogical page or two, never emerges as an individual: the facts of his biography are present, and the titles of the books he published are brought in at the proper places; but no one can be roused to enthusiasm over a series of paragraphs that, in spite of adhering to the traditions of literacy, possess the charm of a table for finding Easter Sunday. James Robson, the owner from 1759 to 1806, whose family correspondence is included at the end of the volume, stands out with greater distinctness, but even he suffers from the blight of facts. When he is allowed to be his own biographer—in the extended quotations from his letters, and in those from the journal of his Italian travels in 1787—he is delightful, a nice eighteenth-century gentleman who, with singular keenness, sees everything and puts it down. As the *European Magazine* said of him at the time of his death, he "to considerable classical acquirements had added the advantages of travel, which rendered his company a source of gratification, as his death has been of sincere regret, to a large and amiable family and a very extensive circle of friends." The present account ends with the following paragraph: "Nichols tells us that Robson's conversation was 'mild, cheerful, intelligent, communicative, but never obtrusive,' and his letters show him to have been a man of refinement. There can be no doubt that he was both well educated and capable of using his accomplishments in the best manner. To these gifts he added the kindness to others so typical of him, and the combination endeared him to the most eminent *literati* of his time. His successors are left with the feeling that here was a man to be admired not only from the point of view of his own period, but from that of our own." With possibly a change of pronouns, this might with equal truth be said of anyone from the Queen of Sheba to the late Lord Tennyson. The book, as a statement of facts, is admirable: nothing is omitted, except the household accounts, and an enormous amount of research has obviously been expended to make it ploddingly accurate. There is always a lingering impression that almost any of the paragraphs could, without disturbing anything beyond the chronological arrangement, be transferred to any other part of the volume, and be exactly as pertinent. It is a pity that a work on so unusual and interesting a subject, affording an extraordinary opportunity to its authors, should be transformed almost completely into a conscientious listing of names, titles, and dates.

G. M. T.

A Dreiser Bibliography

OF the greatest importance to all collectors of Theodore Dreiser is Mr. Vrest Orton's "Notes to Add to a Bibliography of Theodore Dreiser," recently issued as a pamphlet in an edition of one hundred and fifty copies by the author. As Mr. Orton explains in his introduction, he had intended originally to do a complete bibliography, but because of difficulties with the publisher he gave up the idea after the greater part of his work had been completed. In these "Notes" he supplements and corrects the volume by Mr. Edward McDonald, brought out by the Centaur Press in 1928, and adds so greatly to the entire subject that the Dreiser collector will be forced to have access, in some way, to his work. The most valuable contribution is, probably, the "Sister Carrie" note: the novel has an extraordinarily complicated history, and of the first issue Mr. Orton has discovered five variants which he explains here fully. Another point of interest is the definite statement concerning the genuine first issue of "Jennie Gerhardt," which at last solves the problem of the one- or two-name back strip. Throughout his entire work, Mr. Orton has shown the greatest care and intelligence, and has, as a result, brought to light so much new and valuable information that it is an especial pleasure to call attention to his present pamphlet.

G. M. T.

Auction Sales Calendar

C. F. Heartman, Metuchen, N. J. March 16.—American historical autographs, pamphlets, and books. Among the most interesting items are: Paul Dudley's "Objections to the Bank of Credit," Boston, 1714; Abraham Lincoln's personal copy with his name written in full at the top of the title-page of John Pickering's "Vocabulary or Collection of Words and Phrases," Boston, 1816; Laughlin Macleane's "Essay on the Expediency of Inoculation and the Seasons Most Proper for It," Philadelphia, 1756, apparently the first copy to be offered at auction; Joshua Moody's "Practical Discourse Concerning the Choice Benefit of Communion with God in His House," Boston, 1685; and the original Orderly Book kept at General Brown's and General Scott's Headquarters, Williamsville, Buffalo, Niagara Frontier, Sacket's Harbor, from April 15, 1814, to June 23, 1815.

Mr. William Abbatt of Tarrytown, New York, has announced the publication, in an edition of two hundred copies, of selected Currier and Ives lithographs, collected for the first time in book form. In addition to the Curriers, the volume includes a reproduction of the famous view of Wall Street in 1825, and three woodcuts from M. M. Ballou's "Sportsman's Portfolio," Boston, 1855. The price of the book is $10.

From the fourth to the twelfth of March, Messrs. Maggs Brothers, of London, held at the shop of Edgar H. Wells & Company in New York an exhibition of books, manuscripts, autograph letters, Indian, Persian, and European miniatures, and other objects of literary interest. The most important manuscript was an autograph letter of Diego Columbus, the son of Christopher—two and one-quarter pages folio—written from Santo Domingo in 1512 to Cardinal Ximinez de Cisneros, Regent of Spain, dealing with conditions in the colony and appealing for help on behalf of the Christian Church in America. Among the other items were the first edition of Bacon's "De Augmentis Scientiarum," Napoleon's French and Latin Bibles, with the Imperial arms on the covers, the unique fifth book of Rabelais (Paris, 1549), a set of Elizabethan trenchers that had belonged to the Queen herself, a "Visitation" painted on parchment by Gerald David, the fifteenth-century Flemish painter, and first editions of Bunyan, Defoe, Donne, Dryden, Fielding, Gay, Locke, Milton, Spenser, and Swift. Dr. Maurice L. Ettinghausen and Mr. K. G. Maggs, who represent Messrs. Maggs, were in charge of the exhibition. They plan to remain in this country for two or three months, during which time they expect to exhibit the Columbus letter, together with the books and other objects, in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, San Francisco, and Washington. Further details of any kind can be obtained from Dr. Ettinghausen at the Hotel Ambassador, Park Avenue, New York.

G. M. T.

Goldsmithiana

OLIVER GOLDSMITH. By Temple Scott. New York: Bowling Green Press. 1929. $25.

Reviewed by Hamilton J. Smith

THE publication of "Oliver Goldsmith, Bibliographically and Biographically Considered" is announced by the Bowling Green Press. One thousand copies are printed; seven hundred and fifty are on public sale. This is an important announcement.

The book was prompted by Mr. W. M. Elkins's valuable collection of so-called Goldsmithiana; and there is no question that the owner of such material owed a public debt. Mr. Temple Scott was chosen to do the work. He has wisely extended his bibliographical comment to comprise a general biography, and, in his account has given some fascinating new material. The book is beautifully bound and superbly printed. Mr. Edward Newton has furnished the preface. It is indisputable that anyone seriously interested in Goldsmith must consult this volume.

The chief interest is frankly announced as bibliographical. Of equal importance, however, is the "history" of Goldsmith which is repeated with extraordinary lucidity, with the result that Goldsmith is seen from a fresh perspective. Mr. Scott has shown exceptional care both bibliographically and biographically; and, in a short review, to cite minor errors would give emphasis falsely to mistakes which are transcended by many virtues. The incident of "the chamber put full of coals" is described in the preface as happening at No. 2, Brick Court, and in the biography given its proper setting at No. 12 Green Arbour Court. But errors of this kind are not characteristic of the volume. Again, the categorical statement that Goldsmith met Johnson on May 31, 1762 is, as far as I know, open to question. Percy is cited as authority, and Percy states simply that on that date Johnson made his first call on Goldsmith. I am not sure that the inference of a first meeting can be taken from this account. The date of Goldsmith's birth is given as 1728; the doubt on this point is not mentioned. It may be that Mr. Scott has further evidence but, if so, he should have given it. Also, the index is unsatisfactory in regard to both biographical and bibliographical reference.

I cannot, however, wholly condemn Mr. Scott for this fault. He has made a beautiful book, unspoiled by footnotes and other "learned lumber." After all, he has followed the method and spirit of Goldsmith in so doing.

I regret that the writers of this beautiful book have felt it necessary at every point to defend Goldsmith, and, unhappily, sometimes to deprecate his critics. Their purpose would have been better achieved, I think, if they had been satisfied with explanation rather than defense. The Preface advances the theory that what Johnson thought was vanity, and Boswell considered conceit in Goldsmith, was wit too subtle for an Englishman, or a Scot, to understand. Something like this has been ineffectually contended before by Mr. Moore and Mr. King. It does not square, in my opinion, with the facts when all the evidence is reviewed. A relatively true explanation of Goldsmith may some day, perhaps, be reached by two methods. One is the sound but slow procedure of undramatic scholarship which step by step uncovers facts; the other is through the field, and from the approach, of modern psychology. When the picture is in this way made complete, I feel sure that Goldsmith will find appreciation among men in the same degree that his most recent biographers desire it for him.

A collection including books, maps, autographs, and manuscripts of great historical value, relating to the early history of America, is on exhibition at the Library of Congress through the courtesy of Maggs Brothers of London. There are 106 pieces, some of them exceedingly rare.

The collection contains letters and documents signed by Charles V, Philip III, and Philip IV, and proclamations by James I, including one for the arrest of Sir Walter Raleigh, and writings by, or relating to, among others, Pomponius Mela, Amerigo Vespucci, Hernando Cortes, Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, Martin Frobisher, Garcilasso de la Vega, Peter Martyr, Louis Joseph Montcalm, Captain Napier, and Captain William Kidd, the pirate, who was once a resident of Liberty Street, New York.

Among the rarest of the books is the first edition of the "Relacion" of Nunez Cabeza de Vaca, printed at Zamora in 1542, one of

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three copies which are known to have survived of the story of his journey from Tampa Bay to Old Mexico. Even rarer is the first edition of "Las Pragmaticas," by Juan Ramirez, printed at Alcala de Henares in 1503, containing the decree of Ferdinand and Isabella under which convicts were to be banished to the lands discovered by Columbus. Only two copies of this book are known, the other being in the British Museum. Another exhibit is the "Trado da Sphera," by the Portuguese geographer, Pedro Nunez, Lisbon, 1537.

Other pieces include a manuscript portulan atlas of 1572 by the Italian cartographer, Giovanni Martines, and an original manuscript book containing the minutes of the council of the Indies for 1614 and 1615, with autographs and notes by Philip III and the Duke of Lerma. There are three editions of the letters of Hernando Cortes, and Alfonso Ortiz's "Los Tratados," Seville, 1493, the first book after the letters of Columbus to mention America.

The Rev. Acton Griscom has donated an official document of 1624, signed by Juan de Onate, whose expedition of 1598 resulted in the settlement of New Mexico.

Martinus Mijhoff of the Hague has donated Father Paul Ragueneaux's "La Vie de la Mère Catherine de Saint Augustin," Paris, Florentin Lambert, 1671.

C. G. Meyer of New York City has donated du Buereau's addresses to the galleries of the Louvre in 1677 and 1678.

Lucius Wilmerding, president of the Grolier Club of New York, has donated "Relacao de Huma Batalha," Lisbon, Domingos Rodrigues, 1757, a Portuguese translation of Sir William Johnson's "Letter Dated Camp at Lake George, Sept. 9, 1755," giving an account of the battle there on the preceding day.

According to the New York *Herald Tribune*, the sale of the manuscript of Franz Schubert's "Erl-Koenig"—"The King of the Elves"—for 20,500 marks (approximately $5,000) to the Calvary Company proved the feature of the auction at the rooms of Liepmann & Son in Berlin recently. The manuscript of the great composer belonged to Frau Klara Schubert.

The Berlin Municipal Library possesses a second copy. According to the *Vossische Zeitung* no other copy of the score in Schubert's own handwriting exists.

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Ship ahoy! SKIPPER JOAN climbs to the top *of the column*—JOAN LOWELL, *author of* THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP

In five years of publishing *The Inner Sanctum* has had a modest quota of magnificent moments of Olympian delight.

A few examples troop down the corridors of time:

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. . . *When the complete manuscript of* THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY *arrived, and again when it reached its second hundred thousand*

. . . *When* TRADER HORN, *his head full of the spaces of land and sea, walked down the gangplank of the S. S. Olympic, and sold the world a gridiron with fame for a prize*

. . . *When one American reader heeded the ecstatic outcries of* THE INNER SANCTUM *and actually bought a copy of* FRANZ WERFEL'S *masterpiece,* VERDI, *a Novel of the Opera*

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. . . *When* WILLIAM BOLITHO *compared* ROBERT L. RIPLEY, *author of* BELIEVE IT OR NOT *with* HERODOTUS, PLINY, *and* MARCO POLO.

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And yet once more did this high moment engulf *The Inner Sanctum* . . . last Monday morning at seven o'clock, when JOAN LOWELL stepped off the gangplank of the *S. S. Momus*, from New Orleans, and found all New York—especially West 57th Street—at her feet.

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WE craned forward to look up the long table, and it seemed that that was *Joan Lowell*, with the dark hair. In our ear we were hearing "Eighty-nine thousand with an advance if fourteen!" For "The Cradle of the Deep" is the latest best seller. And how fast they come along! But Miss Lowell was speaking, addressing everyone, person by person, all down one side of the long table and all up the other side, telling about what *Mr. Colcord* had said to her and what she said to Mr. Colcord, rousing appreciative laughter. There will continue to be a good deal of argument concerning details in "The Cradle of the Deep," but, now we have read it—though hastily—the book seems to us an extremely interesting human document. We don't know enough about seafaring to check its details, but the general rough-and-tumble atmosphere is all there, centering around a vivid human being. . . .

A novel we can recommend in advance without reading is *Eleanor Carroll Chilton's* "The Burning Fountain," just published by the John Day Company. If it is as good as her "Shadows Waiting" it is extremely good. She is a distinguished novelist. . . .

This summer Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith will publish *Miss Radclyffe Hall's* "The Unlit Lamp." People who have only heard of her "The Well of Loneliness" as a sensationally censored book forget that her earlier "Adam's Breed" received the Femina Vie Heureuse prize in France and the James Tait Black prize in England. "Adam's Breed" was first published in 1927 by Doubleday, Doran and now, by special arrangement, is being transferred to Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith, who will bring out a new edition of the book early in the Fall. It is one of the novels we remember. Three-quarters of it is of remarkable quality. We never did care so much for the Saint Francis ending. . . .

New Orleans is becoming popular as a *locale* for writers to delve in. *Lyle Saxon*, who wrote of it, is now being much fêted in that quarter. He has also written of the Mississippi. His choice of themes, though he does not write fiction, is somewhat paralleled by *Alan Le May* whose "Old Father of Waters" received acclaim, and who now comes before us with a new novel (Doubleday, Doran) entitled "Pelican Coast," a story of New Orleans in the days of *Jean Lafitte*. It ought to be rattling good romance. . . .

One of the most entertaining novels we have received recently from the same firm is *Evelyn Waugh's* "Decline and Fall," illustrated by the author. Evelyn Waugh is the younger brother of *Alec Waugh* and excels in extravaganza. His satire is very funny and his line-drawings excellent. . . .

In her preface to "Liv" by *Kathleen Coyle* (E. P. Dutton) Rebecca West registers her belief that this young author "has at last reached a phase of being in which she is going to pick her own appropriate subjects, from her special field of knowledge and passion; and that henceforward she is going to be an extremely distinguished writer." The book will be out on April first. . . .

We have already mentioned the mistake in price made by *The Saturday Review* in mentioning *Lee Wilson Dodd's* "The Great Enlightenment" (Harper's) but we did not specify the actual price of the book in round numbers. It is two dollars. And here, as a matter of interest, is Mr. Dodd's own letter to the editor:

> Just for fun I must tell you of a conversation I had today. (Mr. Dodd was then in Florence, Italy.) A woman was introduced to me at a tea and says she at once, "Mr. Dodd, I've been wanting to meet you. *Why* does your book sell for $12? I run a book club here and after reading an article by Dr. Canby about your book and "Point Counterpoint" I felt we *must* have your book too. But $12—! Really! We can't afford *that!*"

In mulling over the English prints we have collected the following information: *Miss Dorothy Black*, the author of an English novel to be issued shortly under the title of "Idle Women" was brought up in the house where *Charlotte Brontë* wrote "Jane Eyre." *D. L. Murray*, biographer of *Disraeli* and now a novelist, has two particular hobbies. He puts on historical pageants in his Sussex home, but with tor soldiers, comprising the regiments of all nations. He has also constructed his own elaborate puppet theatre, and is his own producer as well. . . .

Upon their publication of his "God's Country," *Ralph Barton* promised his publishers, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., to stay in New York for the first fortnight in March. But when he returned to the big city from Hollywood, snow followed by rain proved too much for good intentions. At ten-thirty on Friday evening, March 1, three days before the publication of the book, Barton packed a bag, paid his hotel bill, and stepped aboard the *Ile de France*. Twelve hours later his publishers received a radio from him, saying, "Worked out. Gone for a vacation for years." . . .

We spoke recently of books on pioneer America, so Longmans, Green calls to our attention the fact that *Walter Vogdes*, in his novel "A Great Man," uses such material. His hero, David Frazer, lands in California in the early 'fifties, when the city is electric with the gold rush. It is the tale of a strong man building a pioneer city. . . .

We have received from Stokes a novel that firm is particularly recommending, viz.: "Plum Bun," by *Jessie Redmon Fauset*, who wrote "There Is Confusion." The author poses the problem besetting a heroine who possesses a mixture of negro and other bloods. Miss Fauset is a well-known negro novelist and poet. . . .

The Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston has published a four-page paper, *Dolls' Convention News*. It seems that their convention to which we have referred ere this, opened with a bang, and that no less a personage than *Pinocchio* made the first speech. He was introduced by *Alice Heidi Greenaway*. The Boston Dolls, *Hilda Forbes, Lydia Evens Hedge, Effenbet, Curly-locks Minot, Gordy Rotch, Gloria des Granges,* and *Alberta Burk*, are assisting *Alice Heidi* and *Wendy* as hostesses to the other dolls at the convention. Trips to historic spots have been arranged, one to literary Concord by the Pigeon Air Mail Line, conducted by *Meg, Jo, Amy,* and *Beth Alcott*. . . .

C. Gerhardt of 17 West 44th Street is selling "The Memoirs of Cardinal Dubois," translated by *Ernest Dowson*, in two volumes in an edition limited to fifteen hundred sets and privately printed for subscribers, with twelve full-page drawings and numerous tailpieces especially designed by *Luigi Trugo*. These memoirs are twenty dollars per set. . . .

The Cresset Press Herrick, which we recently mentioned, is published (or at least sold) in this country by Maurice Inman. . . .

The Publishers' Weekly has now evolved a plan for selling and publishing children's books in the spring, instead of only at Christmas time. Their first children's book department appeared in their March 2nd issue, and there will be three more, on March 30th, April 27th, and May 25th. . . .

Did you ever contemplate how appropriately some authors' names and the titles of their books go together? For instance, take two recent volumes: "Dark Star," by *Lorna Moon*, and "Free Grass," by *Ernest Haycock!* . . .

Madeleine Boyd, wife of *Ernest Boyd*, the distinguished translator and continentalist, is finishing her translation of "Monsieur Venus," an adolescent romance by *Rachilde*. Covici-Friede will publish it late in the spring. At that time they will also bring out "On the River Amour," by *Joseph Delteil*, illustrated by *Alexieff*, the noted Parisian artist. . . .

Rumana McManis of the Hidden Door Book Shop on New Street opposite the New York Stock Exchange reports that when stocks go up so does the demand for detective and mystery stories. During the great bull market of the past year the sale of mysteries increased fifty per cent., until they now constitute about half of all the fiction sold. . . .

Grover A. Whalen has recently written *Father Will Whalen* concerning his novel of Mary Jemison, "The White Squaw." He says the good Father's novel "makes one doubly appreciative of the pleasures we have today when compared with the sufferings our ancestors endured." . . .

So here we go—to the grocery.

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Points of View

Syllabic Rhymes

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In his Wit's Weekly for February 2, Mr. Edward Davison does well to school-ma'am his pupils regarding the syllabic quantity of certain tone groups such as *fire;* but isn't he talking a bit tall when he says that finer craftsmen almost invariably regard such words as monosyllables? Of course that "almost invariably" saves him, but I feel that his own positiveness in the sequent comment costs him the benefit of the exception. How would Mr. Davison read the following line?

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters
or
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher . . .
or
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes

Briar can hardly be pronounced a monosyllable, yet Mr. De la Mare (whose sense of tempo, surely, is not indictable) rhymes *briar* with *fire*. To make the point still more illuminating Mr. Davison should have included the vexatious bower-flower-tower group. Two syllables or one? Like the other tone-group, generally one; but used as two often enough to warrant a modification of his statement.

The flower ripens in its place

Now, though a pitied Victorian, Tennyson in his tempo-sense was as accurate as a scientific instrument; and on the same page he uses other words in this same bower-flower group as monosyllables. The point is that excellent craftsmen not infrequently use these words in both ways. I take it that Mr. Davison knows that amusing "stunt" line of Tennyson's,

Tower after tower, spire beyond spire.

(The line is a complete iambic pentameter—if that term be still allowable.)

If I, who am not a poet, may venture a suggestion, let the student of verse—tempo tune and refine his inner ear on such delicately poised lines as these:

The tower set on the stream's edge (Yeats: "Major Robert Gregory")
Till the seed of the fire flicker and glow (Yeats: "The Song of the Old Mother")
What one in the rout
Of the fire-born moods
Has fallen away? (Yeats: "The Moods")

Neither one syllable nor two, perhaps, but something that hovers between; but that hovering is not careless, not sloven. Accurate verse is better than sloven; but if the adult verse-writer still has to count and labor at finger-exercises, he had better accept the will of the gods and wait a happier reincarnation. If he have a true inner rhythm he will know how to educate himself with such a poem as De la Mare's "Autumn":

Grey skies where the lark was

E. O. JAMES.

Mills College, Calif.

Sense or Nonsense?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Professor Ralph M. Eaton of Harvard University in his review of "The Life of Space" by Maeterlinck in your issue of February 16, makes clear the fact that time cannot be a fourth dimension of space, but is a dimension or element in the occurrence of physical events. He also explains the mathematical concepts of n-dimensional space, and makes the statement: "These mathematical concepts beyond three dimensions *have no counterpart in the sensory world,* etc."

This display of homely common sense is very refreshing.

I regret, however, that Professor Eaton did not at this appropriate point express his opinion on the supposed curvature of space.

The ordinary man, not overawed by authority, considers space to have no qualities of any description whatever, except that it cannot be non-existent anywhere, i.e. must be infinitely extended in all directions. Now space being "nothing at all," we have the remarkable conception foisted upon us that nothing can be curved; nothing also can be both finite and unbounded.

Is this silly claptrap intended to be a joke in the scientific world as the Cubist pictures of a few years ago were in the field of Art, or do our great scientists suffer so much from mathematical hallucinations that they have lost every scrap of common sense? C. F. VON HERRMANN.

Atlanta, Ga.

That Sane Man

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I have been reading, or rather rereading, the "Sermon on Style," in a recent *Review.* I wonder if you will find him—that sane, clear-thinking, high-understanding person who can put our need and our answer into words! There are a few yet, of course, who love the old styles—in flowers, in garments, in music, in words. But there are the multitudes who live in another sphere, another age, another vocabulary. I have always thrilled to the beautiful English of Walter Pater, William Morris, and "a wonderful time" meant someone to visit with, whose topics ran, Lafcadio Hearn, Fiona Macleod, Sir Richard Burton, but my two nearest neighbors have never heard any of those names, or words. Yet they are delightful people, in the realms of bridge, dancing, golf, and such like. And America is made up mostly of—my neighbors. They have tried church—and were bored and bewildered and discarded it. They would have discarded bridge parties and dancing, too, if these had been presented in the same terms. Or from the same standpoint. We have had too much talk of good and bad. Too little of what was wise or (in the modern phrasing) "dumb."

To the great majority, the Bible, and church, and all morality are more or less all mixed up in an idea of sentimentalism. Silly old ladies and sour-faced, penny-pinching old deacons whom nobody wanted to imitate. The people of the old order have prejudiced us all. We need that man you wrote of, we need him badly, and we need him *now!* He must be clever, intelligent to the point of intellectuality because he must be able to understand so widely, and he must have the quality of gray matter to appreciate the advantage of swimming with the greatest tide conceivable, that endless, boundless, God-power back of all creation. We have been cheated by the sentimentalists who prated of what they could not understand, nor live, and antagonized by narrow minded fanatics who insulted our good sense. We are a nation without any religion—which would not matter in the least if we had a God! We have been crowded out of our rightful "place in the sun" by the smoke screens of helpless preachers earning the approval and pay of the fundamentalists in the front pews. It is time, past time perhaps, for the clearer thinking ones among us to dispel all that, demand a clear view of the sunrise for all of us.

There was a God once—practical, scientific, utilitarian—a God-power which worked for and with humanity. Well, it is reasonable to believe that God hasn't shrunk! There is just as much God as there ever was. We haven't "tuned in" right, that's all—we are getting mostly static! Let us clear the air. If we know what we want and go after it, we usually get it, we Americans. There is a tremendous Something we are missing, and it is not like us to sit still and do nothing about it. I have wondered how long it would be, how long we would be content to be "dumb." That great, but possibly shy human, who can speak to us of that which will satisfy the eager, restless, empty souls of our race, may yet come forward and talk to us, may yet explain to us that God isn't dead, isn't even a pompous potentate away off in some queer, impossible city beyond clouds, but somehow in and through and with us all, the very throbbing of the universe; that God is a name we humans have given to the infinite power of creation which never had a beginning and never will have an ending, something glorious, big beyond our mind's power of conception. And along with all the beauty and mystery and compassion of it all, this great lost man you are finding will show us that God is "scientific, ultilitarian, practical."

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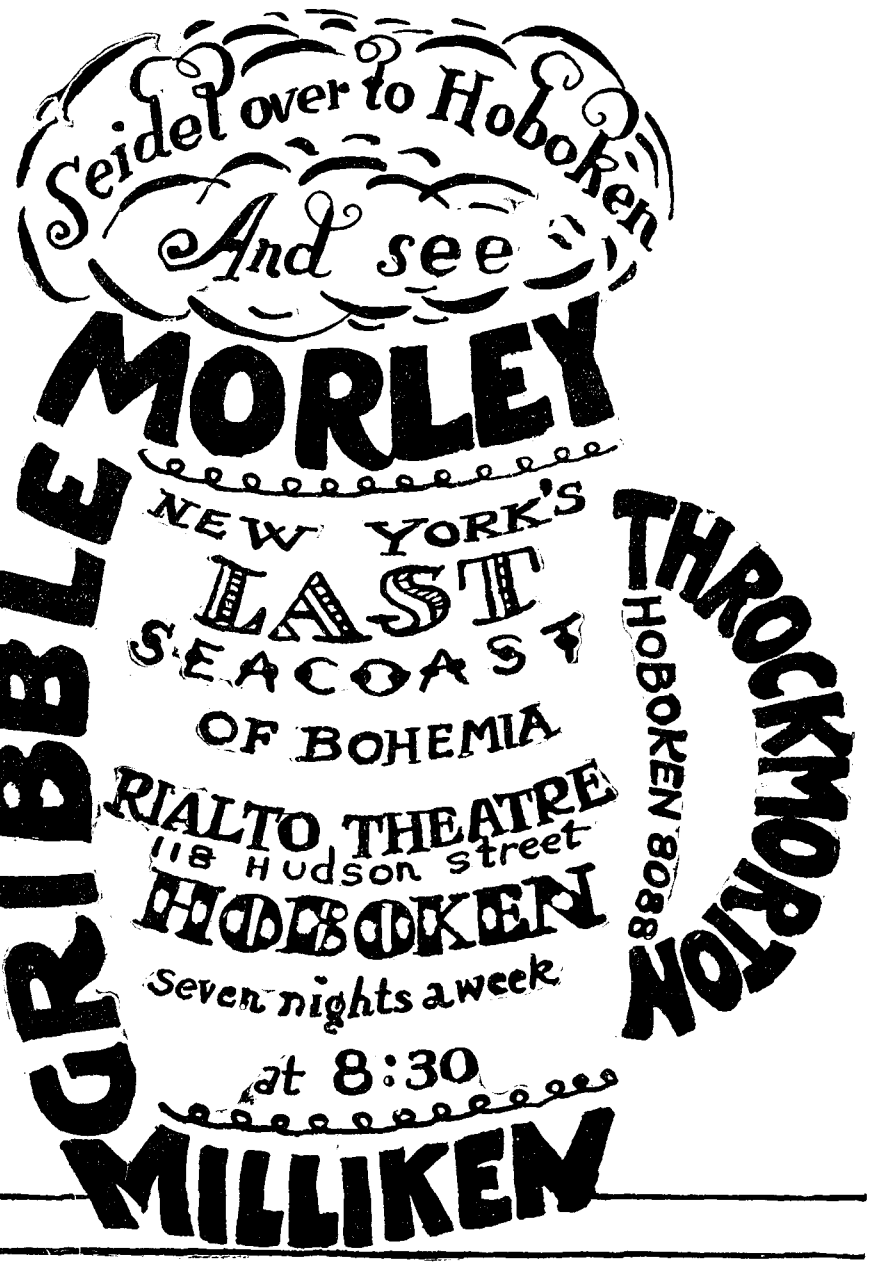

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